

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

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APRIL 1950.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

I.

I PROPOSE, as far as I can, to examine objectively the results of the election. The first indisputable fact is the seriousness with which the electorate faced their task of recording their votes. To poll 84 per cent. of their total strength on a register five months old on a rainy day is in itself a remarkable achievement. Exceptional opportunities were provided for all parties to expound their case, and there is general agreement that the electors took full advantage of them to inform themselves on the issues involved. Taken as a whole the election was a clean one, and misrepresentation, which is a common complaint of one side against its opponents, was reduced to a minimum. As an example of how a free democracy should perform its function of choosing a Parliament this election was pre-eminent.

Before proceeding to analyse the meaning and consequences of the votes cast, one preliminary observation seems to be necessary. The British Constitution does not find a place for a referendum. If it did, each one of the principal items which the parties include in their programmes would have at some stage or other to be put separately to the electors. Rightly or wrongly (rightly, as I think) this is not the case. Only one question is put to the voters: "Which candidate do you want to send to Westminster to represent you?" This, of course, also means in practice: "Which party do you desire should govern the country during the continuance of this Parliament?" As a consequence it by no means follows that every individual who votes for a party candidate supports every item in the party programme. The elector's vote is given in accordance with what he or she considers to be the main issue, and it must remain a matter of speculation what was the issue which seemed to the bulk of the electors the most important. In this speculation there is room for a wide difference of opinion.

It is self-evident that none of the parties which contested the election obtained its heart's desire. Labour did not secure a working majority to carry out its programme. The Conservatives did not succeed in turning out the Labour Government. Nevertheless I think that both of these major parties would agree that from their own point of view the results might have been very much worse. Labour can claim that it has in fact won the election and that what it considers the reactionary policy of the Tories will not be put into effect. The Conservatives are pleased that a halt has been called to further steps in nationalising industry. For though the Government may be able to secure a majority on the floor of the House on all big occasions, it will not command any effective majority in the Standing Committees and therefore little or no contentious legislation will find its way on to the Statute Book. This does not mean that the House will be unable to do much useful work or to carry through into law, by mutual consent, a variety of badly needed measures. But it will be a different kind of Parliament

from what this country has had for many years, and time alone can show how it will work.

The other two main parties who fought the election have suffered much greater disappointment. To begin at the bottom, the Communists have undergone complete eclipse. Not one of their 100 candidates secured election and most of them lost their deposits. The votes cast for them were so few that even if the system of proportional representation as officially presented (i.e. of five- or seven-member constituencies) had been in operation I do not think a single Communist would have been elected, and only if the whole country had been regarded as a single multiple constituency would their hundred thousand votes have secured for them one or possibly two seats in Parliament. This emphatic verdict on Communism by the electors of Britain should be contrasted with the situation in most of the countries of Western Europe, where Communist deputies are able to exercise a disastrous influence on their respective legislatures. We may with profit ask ourselves why we are so happily immune. The answer, I suggest, lies in the fact that the working people of Britain believe that they have in the constructive evolutionary policy of the Labour Party a much better means of securing the redress of their grievances than in the revolutionary sabotage of Communism. Communism thrives on poverty, misery, destitution and on a belief in the slogan that the workers "have nothing to lose but their chains."

In the case of the Liberal Party the net loss of one seat has to be contrasted with the grandiose decision to run 470 candidates and with the extravagant hopes that were held out that enough Liberals might be returned to form the Government of the country. At the same time it is true that the aggregate vote for the Liberal Party, unlike that of the Communists, was substantial, running well over two millions, and that deployed, as proportional representation would have it, in five- or seven-membered constituencies would probably have enabled them to secure enough seats to hold the balance of power between the two major parties. There also may be some truth in the contention that their aggregate vote would have been higher under some system of either proportional representation or alternative vote, when would-be Liberal electors would not have been deterred by the argument that a vote for a Liberal was a vote thrown away. The prospect of a Parliament and possibly a succession of Parliaments in which a comparatively small Liberal Party would hold the balance of power between the two major parties may be delightful to Liberal politicians but it has few attractions for those who suffered daily humiliation from precisely those conditions in the Parliaments of 1923-4 and 1929-31.

Coming to the world of "might have beens" the question is sometimes asked as to what would have happened if far fewer Liberal candidates had stood. To this question no reliable answer can be given. It is open, therefore, to anyone to make their own guess. Some say that it would have benefited the Conservatives, others that it would have helped Labour. My own view, for what it is worth, is that in some constituencies it would have told one way and in some the other. Be that as it may, only extreme partisans would, I believe, contend that it would have so altered the position of the two major parties as to give either of them a substantial Parliamentary majority and enabled it not merely to be in office but in power.

A still more delightful subject for speculation about which we are likely to hear much debate in both Houses of Parliament is the question

as to what was the principal reason for the shift of votes from Labour to Conservative between 1945 and 1950. A critical examination of the constituencies shows that it mostly occurred in the so-called "dormitory" areas and other places with a considerable number of the middle class. It is a legitimate inference therefore that Labour lost a fair proportion of those middle-class votes which were cast in its favour in 1945, and this is borne out by personal experience.

But what particular item in the Labour record or programme aroused their disapproval or what particular promise made by the Conservatives secured their support? Anyone is entitled to speculate and no one can afford to be dogmatic, because no one can possibly know. Probably among a sample ten of those who changed sides no two would give precisely the same answer. The best guess that I can make is that they were conscious of a general sense of malaise at the lowering of their status as individuals and as a class in the community at the actual and relative reduction in their standard of life. Rightly or wrongly they were led by skilful Conservative propaganda to attribute this mainly to the Labour Government, and they feared that if Labour were given a further lease of office with power their position would progressively deteriorate. To them Mr. Churchill's clarion slogan "Set the people free" appealed with a ray of hope.

If I am asked, as an active supporter of the Labour Party, to give an answer to such people I will say two things. In the first place I ask them to examine dispassionately what is the position to-day of the middle classes in the United States of America, where there is no Labour Government and no dollar shortage, where private enterprise reigns supreme and Mr. Churchill's idea of freedom exists unfettered. I am sure that they will have a rude awakening. In the second place I would ask them whether this country is not a better place to live in with its healthy and upstanding working people than most of the countries of Western Europe with their discontented workers, far larger unemployment, widespread labour disputes and readiness to embrace the Communist creed. If they decide that I am right on both these counts I ask them to reconsider their attitude before the next election.

PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

II.

I WOULD not like to say how many elections I have fought spread over the last forty years; some of them I have lost, but most of them I have won. I had no particular desire to enter the fray once more; I have passed the three score years and ten when most men claim the right to enjoy peace and quiet amongst their books and do some thinking and writing. Besides, less than a year ago I successfully fought a strenuous L.C.C. election. But both my local supporters and headquarters brought great pressure to bear and I succumbed to their blandishments. Once more, in an especially bleak February, I found myself tramping the streets of Bethnal Green, knocking at the doors of the rows of drab houses or climbing the stairs of block dwellings. I received nothing but kindness and courtesy from my Bethnal Green friends, never a rough word and even politeness from my political opponents. If it had not been for the physical strain and the bad weather I would have enjoyed those six weeks.

The peculiarity of this election was the absence of excitement, and,

from what my friends in other parties tell me, that was general throughout the country, except perhaps in one or two Northern districts. It was not that the electors were indifferent ; on the contrary the heavy poll showed their intense interest. On the whole I had well-attended meetings, but there was a notable absence of interruptions ; my audiences listened intently, asked pertinent questions and waited to the end, as if they wanted to learn as much as possible. And this experience was by no means limited to my own constituency ; I found the same atmosphere when I spoke elsewhere, so different to the old days, when electors worked themselves into a passionate partisan feeling which hardly enabled them to listen to their opponents' views. The fact is that some of the kick has gone out of elections. One explanation given me is that almost every household now has a wireless set and most people have accustomed themselves to sit by their firesides and listen to talks in silence, and they brought the same technique into public meetings.

What is sinister is the class division of the electors. With notable exceptions, the weekly wage earner—the man paid by the hour—voted Labour, the “ middle class ” and the black-coated worker voted Conservative. The working man is convinced he has never been so well off as during the last five years ; he is more concerned in the amount of the pay packet than its purchasing power. And above all he has been singularly free from unemployment. It is no use talking to him about Marshall Aid ; he is not interested in theories but in plain facts. In 1945 I found real resentment against the queues, the short commons and the rationing, but now women have become reconciled to them. A generation is growing up that has never known a society without ration books and cannot visualise a world of plenty with a full shopping basket. “ Share and share alike ” has become a catch-cry, and there is a suspicion that any change would mean nothing for the poor and plenty for the rich. Marshall Aid and the economic crisis were to them something remote and no direct concern to the common man. Maybe there were dangers ahead but they are content to wait until they arise. I have a shrewd suspicion they were regarded as bogies to frighten them into the Tory camp. The very fury of the attack staged by Lord Woolton, while it undoubtedly rallied to his banner the middle classes, aroused the suspicion of the masses and consolidated their ranks. I found little interest in nationalisation. On the whole I think the ordinary working man prefers to work for a personal boss than for a State Department. I saw no signs that “ iron and steel ” aroused any passion. No doubt it is different up in the North, but my impression is that as an issue it stirred up little excitement. Substantially it can be taken that the average Britisher is not a Socialist ; he does not want to see the Government running industries, though he is anxious to see that he is not being exploited by vested interests. The cleverest thing the Socialists ever did was to take to themselves the title of “ Labour.” Man after man I have called on has explained to me that he was a working man and therefore must vote “ Labour ” ; that word is the greatest asset the Socialists have, coupled with their association with the trade unions.

The political levy does more than provide funds to fight elections ; the very fact that a man has not contracted out makes him feel he has to support the man and the party, the expenses of which his contribution has helped to defray. You must remember the average man is not a political animal ; the members of the three political parties are

comparatively few ; he is very much influenced by the action of his neighbours and associates ; it is a herd instinct. A curious sidelight on the election is thrown by my experience. I had three opponents, a Tory woman, a Communist, by trade a bricklayer, and the official Labour candidate, who is a paper merchant and trading for private profit. But this last, the successful candidate, was not prevented by his occupation from calling on the electors to stand by their class ; and he received the official backing of the local branch of the trade union. And he went out of his way to condemn me as the instrument of big business, though I have long since ceased to take any active part in commerce. I make no complaint ; it is all part of the political game, but it is an indication of political trends. The present Member for Bethnal Green would not have had a chance of being elected if he had not stood under the euphonious label of Labour.

The weakness of Liberalism is its virtue ; it does not make any class appeal. At heart I believe the British people are Liberal—not Conservative or Socialist. It was amusing to see how anxious the Conservative machine was to camouflage the Tory wolf in Liberal clothing. But the Liberals were beaten at the starting-post ; they had neither money nor organisation, and I am afraid they signally failed to express their creed in popular language or to adapt it to present conditions. If they are ever to revive they must cease to be a middle-class party and must have a more full-blooded policy. They did succeed in doing it in 1906 ; they then made a real popular appeal. Their only chance of revival is to cease to be respectable and to put forward a bold policy as an alternative to State Socialism.

Perhaps the healthiest sign of this election was the intense interest of the public in foreign affairs. There was a time when at elections it was difficult to hold an audience except with bread-and-butter politics. But the nation has become acutely conscious how everything revolves round peace. Two world wars have taught them that lesson and they are learning to think internationally. They suffered so much in London from bombing that they never can forget the horrors of war. There is still much political education to be done, but there is a growing public consciousness that their whole future depends on a new world order that will mitigate the risk of war. Jingoism is conspicuous by its absence ; I am satisfied the nation is ready to respond to a bold foreign policy that will promise them " Peace in our time."

As for the result I am not sure it is not what the nation more or less wanted. They did not wish to see the Tories back in power ; they are intimately associated still with the tragic period of unemployment between the wars, and they have a suspicion that their return might bring about changes that might cause the very thing they fear most. But there was a feeling that the Labour Government had become intoxicated with power and its supporters arrogant. At the beginning of the campaign there was every sign of a swing away from Labour. But when there seemed a danger of their defeat, during the last few days of the election, many who had decided to vote against them rallied to their support. I am sure factious opposition will be resented in the country. If the Tories indulge in pin-pricks, it will only react against them. On the other hand if they are given a fair chance and yet do not handle the situation with wisdom, the nation will look to other parties and other policies. The British people have such a long tradition of representative institutions that in the long run they can be trusted to make them work.

PERCY A. HARRIS.

III.

THE election presents many features which well repay examination. With only two members returned unopposed and an exceptionally heavy poll (84 per cent.) it was a very widespread consultation of the country ; but none of the parties are happy about the results. Labour continues as the Government, with a majority of only 7, instead of the 50 or more for which it hoped ; the Conservatives are disappointed at so narrowly failing to oust Labour, and the Liberals, although increasing their total poll, at failing to add to their representation. The country is thus faced with a period of unstable government. The single-member system of election seems to have sadly failed those who defend it on the ground that it ensures " strong government."

Amongst the record number of 1,863 candidates nominated for the 625 seats were 475 Liberals. This challenge on a scale extensive enough, if successful, to secure power led to frequent statements during the campaign by the leaders of the other two main parties about votes being wasted if cast for Liberal candidates. Mr. Churchill referred to the desirability of " accommodations " in the constituencies to avoid Liberal and Conservative candidates opposing each other. Mr. Morrison, though upholding the right of the Liberal or any other party to run candidates wherever it desired, urged Liberal supporters to join with those of progressive outlook by voting for Labour candidates. Judging by the result, in order " to get Labour out " some million or more Liberal electors would seem to have voted Conservative, as the 475 Liberal candidates increased the nation-wide Liberal vote by only 350,000 on the total of 2,282,000 votes obtained by 300 candidates in 1945, and secured 9 seats instead of the 11 held at the dissolution.

Since the poll the Conservatives have complained bitterly about the Liberal " intervention," but an examination of the results in detail shows that, in fact, the Conservatives benefited appreciably more from the presence of Liberal candidates than did the Labour Party. In the towns Labour won 46 seats on minority votes and the Conservatives 44 ; in the country areas, whilst Labour won 30 seats in this way, the Conservatives obtained 62, and so have the net advantage of 30 such fortuitous victories. The Liberals won 4 seats on minority votes ; but for this measure of good luck their gross under-representation would have been even more outrageous than is now the case. Fortune also favoured the Conservatives in the matter of success in close contests, since they secured 23 seats on majorities of less than one thousand, against Labour's 16 and the Liberals' 1.

The fact that Labour, although securing a small, overall majority of seats in the House, failed to obtain a majority of the total votes cast aroused considerable feeling, and as the position became more widely known it was generally taken for granted that an early general election must follow. However, the precedent of the two general elections in 1910 does not offer much hope of any major change in the party representation arising if a second election were to be held too soon. It is not surprising therefore that in many quarters second thoughts are inclining to an acceptance of the present situation, in the hope that this Parliament may last a year or more.

The desire of the two leading parties to persuade the Liberals to cease running candidates and to leave their supporters no option but the choice between abstaining from voting or of supporting what they

individually regard as the lesser of two evils, raises in a somewhat acute form the moral issue of the need to preserve effectively the right of all citizens to have the opportunity to exercise genuine freedom of choice in expressing their opinions on all such matters. In over 80 per cent. of the constituencies the contests were between three or more candidates. Over 180 of these seats were won on minority votes. The Liberal Party shows no disposition to waive its right to go on fighting, so the more statesmanlike way of resolving the difficulty would appear to be the reform of our electoral system.

Suggestions have been made that the alternative vote, which applies the single transferable vote to the filling of a single vacancy, should be adopted, to ensure that the successful candidate shall have a clear majority of the total vote cast in the constituency. The alternative vote is *not* proportional representation; indeed, experience of its use in Australia and Alberta demonstrates that this method of voting operates to suppress minority opinion even more oppressively than does our present first-past-the-post system, and leads to the splitting of parties in many groups. Over forty years ago the British Minister in Brussels reported that "In Belgium all parties agreed that, given a three-cornered fight in every or nearly every constituency, the only way of preventing a minority from turning the scales and excluding from all representation the views of nearly half the electorate was to adopt the system of proportional representation." The introduction here of the single transferable vote form of P.R. would enable every elector to vote positively for both the party and the candidates he favours, and would effectively deal with the present dangers from the "split vote." The *Irish Times*, commenting on the widespread nomination of candidates by a new party in Eire's general election of February 1948, remarked: "The election results prove that the system of the single transferable vote makes for stability rather than chaos. . . . The threat to political and economic orthodoxy, constituted by the New Republican Party, has been largely removed by the electorate."

Even if the efforts to achieve a return to the consolidation of all political forces into "two camps" were to succeed, the topsy-turvy result of South Africa's 1948 election—when Smuts secured a 5-to-4 vote but Malan got a 5-to-4 majority of the contested seats, and that without any split vote—shows that proportional representation is still the essential reform. On their nation-wide total vote of 2,628,828 the Liberals are, as in 1945, very seriously under-represented, and should have about 50 seats. But the effect of the "wasted vote" allegation is shown by the smallness of the vote secured by many Liberal candidates, over 300 losing their deposits. A recasting of the votes into a scheme of P.R. constituencies (combining three, four, five, and occasionally six of the present single-member constituencies) covering all 625 seats shows that, although in many of these 172 P.R. constituencies the Liberals would have failed to obtain a total vote approaching the quota necessary to secure election of a candidate, their representation would have gone up at least from 9 to 15. Had voting in these P.R. constituencies been by the single transferable vote the Liberal representation no doubt would have been higher than 15, because, relieved of the fear of "wasting" their votes, Liberal electors could have voted honestly—giving their early preferences to the Liberal candidates and their later preferences to Conservative or Labour as they might individually wish. They would thus have built up more quotas of votes for their own Liberal candidates, with the assurance that where these could not be

elected their votes would still be utilised to influence the return of other candidates for whom they had recorded later preferences.

In this election, in the ten counties covering the West Country and south of the Thames (Cornwall to Kent—99 seats), the Conservatives, with 52 per cent. of the votes secured 88 per cent. of the seats, Labour winning the remaining 12 seats; with the draft P.R. constituencies, the representation would have been shared in every constituency, showing 59 Conservatives, 36 Labour and 4 Liberals returned, whereas in Somerset, Dorset, Sussex and Surrey the Conservatives hold every seat—in Somerset and Dorset with the support of only a minority of the votes cast. Many of these minorities have been unsuccessful in securing representation at successive general elections. Durham is the only county in which Labour on this occasion secured all the seats; in 5 P.R. constituencies the Conservatives on the votes cast would have won 6 of these 18 seats. This breaking down of the monopoly of representation by one party in certain areas does much to promote healthy and keen, but tolerant, political activity, and, as Eire's experience of P.R. since 1922 has so strikingly shown, acts as a unifying force, replacing faction by public spirit and reason. Our single-member constituency results in 1950 show a growing cleavage between town (as generally solid for Labour) and country (as generally more to the right); the application of P.R. would arrest this undesirable feature and would develop the recognition of a mutual interest which would greatly benefit local and national life.

The votes nationally show Labour highest with 13,259,588, and the Conservatives only 801,721 behind, with the Liberals, Communists (94,549—no seats) and others sharing the remaining 2,934,759 votes cast. With the two largest parties so close together and at the same time so strongly leading over all others, it is evident that the country is deeply divided, that in the keen struggle for power relations between these two large contestants are likely to deteriorate, and that the possibility is that the present deadlock in respect of representation may continue more or less indefinitely. Such a situation makes it still more imperative that the results of our elections shall cease to depend upon the present "greatest gamble in the world," as the former secretary of the Labour Party publicly described our existing electoral system shortly after the 1935 general election. It is interesting to find therefore that Mr. Churchill has already asked in the House for the setting up of a Select Committee to examine all aspects of electoral reform. Mr. Morrison somewhat cavalierly turned down the request, but it is certain that the last has not yet been heard of that matter. Mr. Morrison in dealing with Mr. Churchill's request mentioned that had P.R. been in operation a situation similar to that now obtaining would have arisen. It is true that at this election, but purely by accident, the seats obtained do fairly closely correspond with the votes for the two main parties; but there have been wide discrepancies between votes and seats for all the parties in practically every general election since the single-member system was first used in 1886, and there can be no reliance upon any future election not distorting the representation. The case for an inquiry into electoral methods is overwhelming.

The finely balanced representation in the present House of Commons will call for high statesmanship from both sides of the House, and a readiness to do some original thinking in order to adapt our Parliamentary conventions to the new requirements. But we can derive encourage-

ment from the results of a somewhat similar situation in the Canadian Federal Parliament, when Mr. Mackenzie King led a Government with a majority of three. After a period of twelve months or more the *Ottawa Citizen* (January 23rd, 1923) stated that the success of that administration was traceable "to the consultation of Parliament in a real rather than in a formal way." On many questions "committees representing all shades of opinion were asked to guide Parliament as to the form of legislation considered desirable in place of any cut and dried and pre-arranged policy. It was democratic government in an advanced degree." That parliamentary correspondent declared: "A better class of legislation, broader in its conception, more liberal in its concessions, more precise in its verbal and legal construction, and more in keeping with the newer ideals of social order and justice, has resulted from the searching analysis of groups, each with its saving remnant of independence." I should not be surprised if our present House should deserve a similar encomium, and that it may last longer than at present many people seem to think likely. The only certain thing in politics is their uncertainty.

JOHN FITZGERALD,

Secretary of the Proportional Representation Society.

THE OUTLOOK IN AUSTRIA.

THERE is an Austrian proverb: "Everything won't be eaten as hot as it is cooked." Anxious citizens are reminding one another of this as they examine the political and economic outlook for the next couple of months. The optimists add: "By the time we sit down to eat our Easter eggs let us hope they will have cooled off, for they will certainly have been kept at boiling-point for a long time before that." Everyone agrees that a new politico-economic crisis is drawing rapidly closer. At its heart lies the wage-price situation. Against the absolute necessity, on which the trade unions are agreed, of preventing inflation by maintaining the stop on wage increases must be set the equally burning necessity for prices not only to be kept at their present level but to be reduced at least to the slightly lower figures obtaining two or three months ago. Yet the recent devaluation of the schilling, essential though it was in the interests of Austrian exports to get away from the unreal figure of 10 schillings to the dollar, means an inevitable rise in certain essential imports which is bound to be reflected in an increased cost of living. It was particularly unfortunate that devaluation was delayed until a month after that of sterling owing to the Government's unwillingness to allow the schilling to fall on the eve of the Austrian general elections. Everyone knew that devaluation was coming and certain prices began to creep upwards in anticipation soon after sterling fell. In most branches of industry a "carry-over" single payment of one week's wages was extracted by the unions during November and December to meet this rise, but very many wage earners failed to secure even this. The cost-of-living and net-earnings index figures (based on one of 100 for 1937) in December were respectively 455 and 392·3—a serious deficit.

The obvious conclusion is that if inflation has to be avoided by pegging wages, the prices of essential commodities must also be pegged, some at slightly below the present level. This means subsidies, and Western observers are satisfied that fresh subsidies are beyond the power of the Government to provide. This the Communists know and are

eagerly exploiting. Their Press carries increasingly violent denunciations of the Socialist Party and the Socialist trade union leaders because they frown on strikes, designed to force wage increases, which the Communists themselves busily foment. Their aim is, of course, to provoke and lead general discontent, leaving the Socialists saddled with the uncongenial task of discouraging admittedly underpaid workers from using the power of combination to better their lot. At all costs the existing solidarity of the masses behind the great Social-Democratic Party, which has proved an insurmountable barrier to Communist expansion, must be undermined. One has still to ask oneself whether Conservatives in Britain and Republicans in New York appreciate this basic factor about Austria. If only large-scale strikes could develop into street demonstrations in which police or gendarmerie could be provoked into firing—if only a couple of shots—on the crowds, the ideal headlines for the Communist Press would have been provided: “Traitor-Socialists” (the Minister of the Interior, Oscar Helmer, is a Socialist) “Shoot Down Starving Workers.” As it is, the Communist vituperations against Schärff (the chairman of the Socialist Party and Austria’s Vice-Chancellor), Helmer and Oscar Pollak, editor of the party organ, are steadily growing in violence. And just as Goebbels used to have his gramophone in every Fascist capital to support his main instruments in Germany, so the Austrian Communists call in the “People’s Democracy” to echo their attacks on Austrian Socialists. Listening to Budapest radio recently I heard the Hungarian girl speaker answering a doubtless imaginary letter from a Communist in Austria, saying in German: “Don’t forget, Comrade, it is the Schärffs, the Helmers and the Pollaks who are the real enemies of the people.”

What can be done by the West to meet the spring offensive of the East in Austria? Year after year at this juncture there have been Communist efforts to provoke street disorders in Vienna. The noisy demonstrations occurred but failed to provide the hoped-for bloodshed owing to the extreme restraint of the Socialist-controlled police and the steady loyalty of the great mass of the workers to their Socialist leaders. This year the preparations have been more skilful and prospects of disorder are brighter. By declaring that the treaty cannot be concluded until Austria has settled in direct negotiations Russia’s latest claim for post-war aid—which the Viennese label bitterly “our dried peas debt,” in allusion to the truck-loads of dried peas first seized by the Red Army and then distributed to the starving Austrians in 1945—and then declining to discuss these claims with the Austrians, Russia has brought about greater despondency over the prospects of a treaty than at any time since the negotiations began. The economic strain on the average family is severe.

There are some sinister Russian moves affecting the police forces. After complaining of insecurity due to excesses by completely non-existent “Fascist bandit formations” in their zone, the Russians recently demanded that Helmer should increase his gendarmerie in Lower Austria by 500. (Incidentally, as he himself has just charged, Helmer’s first efforts to comply were denounced in the Communist Press as “Helmer’s attempts to form a Black Reichswehr.”) The Russians demand the submission of names and details of every gendarme sent as reinforcements to their zone, and have the power to reject those proposed—and to keep on rejecting until someone “reliable”—for Communism—is suggested. What is the game? Seen in conjunction with Communist efforts to provoke unrest it is not hard to guess.

The pay of police and gendarmerie, of course, is very low—something in the neighbourhood of 600-700 schillings a month, which is also the average for factory workers or such municipal employees as tramway-men, all of whom are feeling the pinch of high prices. The country gendarmerie, constantly away from home on patrol, suffer more than the city police, and it may soon prove essential to burden the budget with "patrol allowances" for the former. A colonel of gendarmerie draws the very high—by Austrian standards—salary of 1,200 schillings a month. How little it really means was brought home to me when the Vienna representative of an important British firm told me that he was asking for something between 3,000 and 5,000 schillings a month as the "minimum decent salary" from his firm for an Austrian manager of his Vienna office. It can be imagined what it means to try to make both ends meet on 600 to 800 schillings a month.

There are several things which the West can do to meet the new threats from the East to Austria. Other moves in Moscow's spring offensive could be dealt with once the wage-price problem was out of the way. The Russian-run U.S.I.A. concerns—great branches of Austrian industry—are draining the life-blood of the country. Austrian oil, under the pretext that it is "German property," is being sold by the Russians all over the world—oil that, if her rightful owners could dispose of it, would make Austria an extremely wealthy instead of an impecunious country living from hand to mouth. Five years after the war she has still to find the gigantic sum of 529 million schillings to meet the costs of occupation by four—or rather three, since the American forces pay their way fully in dollars—foreign armies.

Clearly the time has come when Austria will have to appeal to the West for further aid, which it is in the West's own interest to grant. More than the lion's share of the 529 million schillings occupation costs, of course, goes to the Russians. But Austrians are asking why they any more than the population of Gibraltar should pay for the presence of troops whom Britain keeps here to support Western Union policy against Russian aggression just as the United States keeps her troops here. Were Britain to follow America's example and pay her own costs it would be hard for the French to continue to leave the whole burden of their occupying troops on the shoulders of Austria, which is occupied simply and solely because Russians will not go and the others cannot, in their own interests, until she does.

The United States can aid Austria by several inexpensive concessions. At the end of May, Austria, who now pays for her grain imports at the lowest exchange rate of 14 schillings to the dollar, will have under present arrangements to go over to the "medium" rate of 21 schillings and eventually to the so-called "premium rate" of 26 schillings to the dollar. It should be possible for Austria to peg prices for essential imports successfully if the United States would agree to maintain the 14 schilling rate for a further six months. Another urgent need is the release of Marshall "counter-funds" for housing. Vienna needs 250,000-300,000 new dwellings, which, at 50,000 schillings each, would cost from 12,000 million to 15,000 million schillings. The maximum building programme for which Vienna can budget is 4,000 dwellings per year. Unless this building programme can be extensively increased, the present seasonal unemployment is going to become permanent and grow into a new and serious danger. So far, E.C.A. has set its face against any release of funds for this purpose in Austria, although in Germany funds have been released for building. Now it appears there is some

hope of E.C.A. changing its attitude. It is high time in the interests of the Western countries that this was done.

Some people in the West may ask who ultimately benefits by such sacrifices, since the need for them is due only to Russian rapacity. They might be asked in reply whether it is not as vital to halt Russian imperialism on the frontiers of Austria as, after vast financial sacrifices, it was successfully halted at the frontiers of Greece. There is a growing indifference in part of the Press in Britain towards this part of the world and an inclination to treat it as "far-away territory of which we know nothing." In British official quarters both here and in London (irrespective of party politics) there are no such signs that the ghost of Chamberlainism walks again. The determination not to repeat the criminal folly of 1938 and allow this bastion of democracy to fall again to totalitarianism seems as strong in these as it is in American official circles and in the American Press. There it is clearly recognised that Austria is as politically important as a blockhouse against Stalinist imperialism as is Greece strategically. But that realisation has to be backed, even at the cost of financial sacrifices, until the Russians can finally be squeezed and bought out of Austria as they clearly were squeezed and bought out of Greece. The best informed "Westerners" on the spot, and most Austrians, believe that Greece, not Germany, provides a clue to Russian intentions here. Once again, they consider Moscow is holding on not to enforce partition but to extract the maximum price. What that is, and in what part of the world it may have ultimately to be paid, is not yet clear.

G. E. R. GEDY

Vienna.

GREECE STEPS TO THE LEFT.

GREECE has taken a mild but definite step to the left in the first elections held since the virtual ending of the guerrilla war. The significance and importance of this to the international situation cannot be doubted, despite the overshadowing of the elections, in point of world interest, arising from Britain's own resort to the polls only ten days earlier.

For Greece, though spared from further ravages and devastation caused by the Communist-led rebels, and now sharing the "uneasy peace" of the rest of the world of liberal democracy, is still, to use a terse and vivid phrase coined by the Americans, "the hot spot in the cold war." And "just over the way" from the Greek scene is the Middle East, which the great Western democracies are now doing their best to save from the Red flood.

The result of the elections provides absolute proof of their fairness and representative character, and gives the final lie to the Moscow-propagated myth, swallowed by our own home brand Communists, that Greece was in the grip of a "Monarcho-Fascist dictatorship." Indeed, those much maligned Populists, or Royalists, led by M. Tsaldaris, have made the elections so free and fair that they have permitted themselves to be practically eclipsed, and allowed a potential coalition of the Centre to emerge in the parties of General Plastiras, M. Sophocles Veniselos and M. Papandreou, who between them—according to the figures available to me—will, with fifteen seats still to be allocated at the time of writing, hold 137 seats against the 98 of all other parties.

The surprising attempt by M. Veniselos to run a Liberal Government

with the help of M. Kanellopoulos's party alone cannot long delay such a coalition of the Centre, as desired by all friends of Greece and as was fully expected and agreed upon.

The Right Wing Populists had just under half of the 250 seats in the previous Parliament; they now find their strength reduced from 50 per cent. to 20 per cent., having fifty-two seats. By contrast, the Democratic Group or Front, consisting of the Union of Left Wing Republicans, led by M. John Sofianopolous, who has been accused of having too much sympathy with the guerrillas, the Greek Socialist Party of Professor Svolos, also of the extreme Left, and M. Tsirimokos, of the Popular Democracy Party, have gained about twenty seats.

The Communists, proscribed from standing in the elections, would thus appear to have given their followers a precise directive to vote for the Democratic Front, with its Socialist and E.A.M. elements. In 1946 the Communist vote (the Communists, of course, abstained) was calculated to be 9.6 per cent. of the electorate of 2,000,000, or, according to Allied estimates in round figures, some 277,000. One can only describe as mendacious the suggestion that in the country districts the voting was influenced by "Rightist bands." After a tour of Northern Greece, General Manidakis, Under-Secretary for Public Order, declared: "Professor Svolos has expressed to me his thanks for the impeccable attitude of State organs towards candidates of all political groups," whilst M. Papandreou, who is no particular friend of the Populists, on his return from touring the same region said: "I consider it my duty to render a public tribute to the Government for their impartiality in supervision of preparations for the election. The conduct of the gendarmerie is above praise."

Even in the much misrepresented island of Makronissos, where people of doubtful loyalty are interned, there was ostensibly no compulsion upon or attempt to interfere with the voters, for the Democratic Front and the Centre Union gained three-fifths of the votes. Politically, therefore, the Communists, even if excluded as a party, can no longer feel themselves entirely unrepresented in Parliament, and if they choose the constitutional way instead of the precarious road by means of the bullet and the bayonet they may yet hope to have their own elected candidates in the Boulé. In this regard I am reminded of a conversation I had with Professor Kanellopoulos, whose National Revival Party was one of the twenty-six parties in the recent election, when he was Minister for Air during my visit to Athens in 1947. "Democracy cannot hope to defeat Communism by mere negative slogans," he said, "but by opposing the lure of Communism with a dynamic set of democratic and socialist ideas, appealing to the nobler sentiments and higher qualities of men. If the Greek Communists wish to act constitutionally, let them play their part and work for reforms within the Parliamentary system."

This may seem to some people to be wishful thinking, seeing that all Communists, whatever their nationality, follow the Marxist-Leninist line and take their orders from Moscow, as M. Papandreou insisted when I asked him how it was that Greeks, traditionally inveterate patriots, could reconcile their acquired Communist ideology with loyalty to their illustrious homeland. Nevertheless, the definite step to the left in the elections does raise the hope that the K.K.E., or Greek Communist Party, realising the futility of renewing the guerrilla warfare—it is estimated that more than 11,000 rebels escaped into Albania and Bulgaria after the victory of the Greek Nationalist forces

last autumn—may decide, for the time being, to try the method of the ballot-box and work their way to power by less violent and more insidious means.

The step to the left does not by any means imply that Greece is on the road to line up with the "Northern neighbours" in their servile homage to Moscow. On the contrary, the surprising success of General Plastiras, a close friend of the great Veniselos, and his party of dissident Liberals, means a decided strengthening of the forces standing fast for Greece's independence and traditional loyalties, and if the General, who is a distinguished and courageous soldier, is a staunch Republican, he has no taste whatever for Communism. The character of "Black Pepper," to give him a nickname of his adventurous past, which included a fourteen-hour dictatorship in 1933, has so much of the democratic authoritarian in it that the General must, in the long run, prove more acceptable to the Royalists than to the Communists. The man who took part in the *coup d'état* in 1922 which led to the abdication of King Constantine said during the subsequent insurrection of 1935: "M. Veniselos is a parliamentarian. I am a soldier, and would like to establish a democratic military dictatorship."

The re-emergence of Plastiras—who may yet head a coalition—and the moderate trend to the left has, broadly, a twofold significance, bearing both on the reactions of the mass of moderate-opinioned Greeks to the international situation and to the internal social and economic condition of the country. It is patent that the bulk of the Greeks are dissatisfied with the administrative achievements and efforts of the Populists during the past four years, even if they are far from ascribing to them all the sins levelled at the régime from Communists and fellow-travellers abroad, and have decided that, the danger on the northern borders having passed—at least for the time being—the time is opportune to turn to the formidable array of domestic problems awaiting solution. The alignment with the Populists or Royalists was made at a time of acute national danger; the Greeks now feel that they can revert to their own historic political allegiances, having in mind the necessity for strong leadership, both in respect of keeping external enemies at bay and grappling with the colossal job of rebuilding the nation's economy, including the immense problem of rehabilitating and resettling the many thousands of refugees.

Greece's democratic General Election, with its twenty-six parties—one, if you please, with the whimsical, idealistic title of the Party of Love and Art—must rank as a political phenomenon. Just as ancient Greece at one time found herself surrounded by barbarians, so modern Greece, after nearly ten years of war and a prolonged sustained assault on her morale and fortitude which would have broken a less virile and resilient people, carried through free and truly representative elections amid a cluster of politically hostile neighbours, who, on the pattern of their Muscovite masters, hold their elections on a one-party ticket. The 1950 election in Greece, fought less on policies than on personalities—for there is general agreement on national reconstruction—can be fateful as regards Greece's part in the international scheme of things, according to the wisdom, or otherwise, which America and Britain, on the one hand, and U.N.O., on the other, apply to the new political trend.

The real tragedy of Greece to-day, so far as her problems rest with herself, is that she has no outstanding statesman of the calibre of Eleutherios Veniselos, Deligiannes or Tricoupes to lead her through

the new storms and stresses which beset her. She has brilliant diplomats and talented men in other spheres, but they do not "fill the bill" as men of drive and initiative, or rouse world opinion with the genius of "the wily Cretan," Veniselos. True, M. Papandreou has been described by Mr. Churchill as a "Greek statesman of the first order," and certainly he has never had the same chance or backing as M. Tsaldaris. General Plastiras, who was recalled from exile in France by M. Papandreou in 1945, on the instructions of Archbishop Damaskinos, to form a Government, has abundant energy, drive and resolution, but he is hardly a statesman of foresight or political shrewdness, as many of his ill-timed *coups d'état* have shown. At the same time, putting his old methods behind him, he can play an important part in Greece's destinies, given the right balance and poise from other parts of the Coalition, and working in harmony with the Americans and the E.C.A. Mission.

In view of the lack of inspired leadership of the kind I have indicated, no miracles can be expected from the new Government of the Centre which has now come into being. Much depends on how far all the parties comprising the new Chamber are prepared to eschew the old tricks of the Greek political game in the national interest and work together for Greece's economic recovery, for in the past much of the nation's energies have been wasted by the continual political fever. When Aristotle said "Man is a political animal" he was thinking primarily of his own race, for it is true, as Mr. Churchill has observed, that "the Greeks prefer politics to life itself." The bitter lesson that all Greek politicians must now learn, however, if it has not already been burned into the soul, is that there can be no Greek way of life if Greece is submerged by Russian Communism through disunity among the Greeks themselves. The ordinary Greek people are as sick of politics as they are of war, and their great hope in the election is that their chosen leaders will apply themselves with all their might to the programme of social and economic reconstruction, and defeat Communism within the gates in the only possible way it can be beaten—by providing work, food, homes and a decent standard of living for all, agricultural and town workers alike. Given these elementary necessities, there is no more chance of Communism gaining ground in Greece in a constitutional manner than there is of British Communists dominating the House of Commons; for the Greeks are, by nature, acute individualists, and dull uniformity is something which is repugnant to the Greek spirit.

But the Greeks, however able and willing, however good the Greek Government, can only succeed in the measure that they are accorded international help. If Greece is to be saved from Moscow's clutches and the Greek Communists are to be prevented from winning "the fight for bread" by political, evolutionary means; if the bloodshed, the terror, the broken homes and the millions of dollars poured into Greece for her defence in the last five years are not to be proved to have been in vain, then such aid must be continued on the most generous scale for a long time. It is too little realised, if realised at all, that the Greek national economy was the only economy, of all the nations in the second world war, to have been totally destroyed. The task of reconstruction, then, after the manner of the fabled Phoenix, is from the very ashes upwards. The new Greek Government of the Centre provides a surprising and unexpected opportunity for America and the United Nations to resolve the disunity and bitterness which exist among the more moderate Greeks, and to consolidate the victory against the guerrillas.

The late Greek Premier, M. Sophoulis, shortly before he died, told me that the civil strife, if unduly prolonged, would "split the Greeks for a generation." A divided Greece offers the ideal forcing ground for Russian Communism, and if the accompaniment of the hates and feuds were to be poverty and hunger for the masses for a long period, it requires little imagination to determine what would be the outcome.

To their credit, the Americans are fairly alive to the difficulties and dangers still confronting Greece. Thus Mr. Henry Grady, United States Ambassador in Greece, in a message to the Greek nation: "There is a struggle ahead for all Greeks and other freedom-loving people. You may rest assured that the enemies in your midst and outside will not be idle. The forces who would wreck Greece have not laid aside their objective. They will endeavour by propaganda and fifth-column activities to confuse the Greek people and divide their leaders. They will try to foment strikes and class strife and promote inflation." That is the position as most moderate Greeks see it; they shrug their shoulders whenever the problem of Greece's economic difficulties is broached and wonder how much the words of President Truman will be taken to heart: "Greece has earned the right to the continuing moral and material support of the free nations of the world." At a conference in Athens between the Greek Government and E.C.A. experts Mr. Paul Hoffman said that although E.C.A. aid to Greece was scheduled to expire in 1952 this did not mean that American aid to Greece would cease on that date. The Greek Government requested that the problem of the refugees should be considered as distinct, and supplementary aid should be granted to cover the cost of repatriation of the 150,000 refugee families. On this subject, Mr. Hoffmann said the Greek view would receive sympathetic attention. Much disappointment and even anger have been felt in Greece that U.N.O. has so far failed to take over the 700,000 Greek refugees—one-tenth of the population—as an international problem, as has been done with the Arab refugees. The Greek Government, with the help of the American E.C.A. Mission, have enabled about half of these completely destitute people to return to their villages, where they are making the most of the limited assistance that has been given to them. The others have to await the melting of the snows in their mountain villages before shelters can be erected for them and a start made to cultivate fields which have remained without tilling and sowing for years. When all have been repatriated, only the mere fringe of the immense problem will have been touched, for all livestock, draught animals, farm implements and tools have gone, and hundreds of homes have been burned or destroyed by the rebels. The peasantry being the backbone of the Greek economy, the adequate resettlement of these refugees, so that they do not drift back to the towns and cities and become the prey of Communist propaganda, is of the first importance not only to Greece but to the whole Western defensive system against the encroachments of Russian imperialism. That is why the Greeks think that the refugee problem is a job for U.N.O. and not the Americans and Greeks alone.

Greece is still, and will remain, the biggest headache of all for the fourteen gentlemen who rule Russia, for it is on their own doorstep, so to speak, and with Turkey forms one of the main southern approaches to the "soft underbelly" of the Soviet Union. The Far Eastern perimeter, including China, Japan and Korea, is important, but it is neither so urgent nor so vital, in the Kremlin's eyes, as Greece, the thorn in the flesh of the satellites.

The Greeks have no illusions about the kind of peace they enjoy, following the ending of the guerrilla war. As a Greek general put it ere the fighting was over: "We can't expect peace until there is general peace. But if we can establish and maintain security in the major part of the country, we can pass from our present infernal state to the purgatory in which the rest of Western Europe manages to live." In the present uneasy peace the Greeks maintain an army, including gendarmerie, of 210,000 men. It is an intolerable burden on the resources of the Greek nation, struggling with such economic difficulties, and it is no wonder the Greeks chafe at the seeming indifference with which the United Nations forum regards the Hellenic scene. If Greece fell, there would soon be no Palestine and no Middle East left to the Western democracies, say the Greeks. It is manifestly true, particularly since the Zionist cause has triumphed in the rise of Israel.

Happily, the Americans, with characteristic zest and energy, are going the right road to set Greece firmly on her feet. The rehabilitation of agriculture has made commendable strides as a first priority. Hundreds of tractors, combines and harvesters have been imported, and modern farm machinery workshops have been built in many parts of the country to keep them in good repair. Land reclamation schemes, flood control and drainage schemes have covered more than 200,000 acres of land, and will prove a great blessing to Greece's wheat-producing capacity. Formerly, only about one-fifth of Greece was cultivable. An interesting and novel experiment is the cultivation of rice on 600 acres of salt waste land, and so successful has it proved that it is hoped to increase the acreage tenfold this year and eventually to grow sufficient rice—a staple food in Greece—to meet the needs of the nation.

The Greek Forestry Commission has planted more than 6,000,000 new trees and distributed over 11,000,000 seedlings to peasant communities. In addition to this, and in order to make Greece an industrial nation within the limits of her resources, the Greeks, with American help, are going ahead with schemes for new hydro-electric power plants and the exploitation of lignite, manganese, chrome and iron pyrites. In spite of the sneers of Leftist critics abroad, Greece, in the view of Mr. Hoffman, has made "astonishing progress in reconstruction. . . . I dare not think what would happen if the U.S.A. had to face problems of such magnitude." Industrial production, especially in textiles, building materials and metal work, has steadily risen and is now about 90 per cent. of pre-war level.

The Greeks are as critical of their Government as any outsiders. During the latter stages of the rebel war King Paul received thousands of letters demanding the dismissal of all his Ministers and the appointment of a new and strong Cabinet to finish the war. A strange proceeding for a people "held in terror." But the Greeks, being realists, know that Greek Governments, however good, are restricted at the present stage of Greece's destinies by the help obtained from the West. The Greeks, by their decision at the polls, have taken a step to the left which may mean their salvation. Unless it is to be a much bigger step left, towards Moscow, it will require all the wisdom and practical help of the Western Powers to see Greece past the danger point. One thing is certain—the Russians, having been frustrated by the defeat of their satellites, will not allow the grass to grow under their feet in the new political situation which has arisen. Greece, in a word, is the United Nations' responsibility, and the Greeks are waiting for tangible proofs of the fact.

THOMAS ANTHEM.

ISRAEL'S FOREIGN POLICY.

NO guide to the foreign policy of Israel can be found in a study of that country's history. A nation newly liberated from foreign domination may have some experience or some inheritance of internal self-rule, but in foreign affairs it is a new-born babe learning to speak. Before the Israelis achieved self-government Zionism had its sympathisers and non-sympathisers, and the movement pursued its interest unofficially in the lobbies rather than in the council rooms of international conferences. Self-government brought with it the realisation that the State must take its stand in the world arena. The unpleasant truth that the world does not permit universal friendship came as something of a shock to the Israelis, who discovered that any policy must produce antagonism, and even a declaration of neutrality by a tiny Power is never taken at its face value, though it be based on the best of intentions.

The general election in January 1949 brought to Israel's Parliament 120 men and women of widely divergent orientation. Predominant among them was the *Mapai*, which with forty-six seats became the chief Government party. It is composed of idealists nourished on the philosophy of the Second International. It believes in a cautious progress towards Socialism, and its political experience was gained in agitation against Imperialist Russia and the social repression and anti-Semitism the Romanovs personified. Its members are still of the generation which welcomed the Soviet Revolution and the ending with it of racial discrimination. At the same time it is militantly trade unionist in the British sense, and jealous of the freedom of collective bargaining which it sees best manifested in the movement developed in Britain in the nineteenth century. During the Mandate *Mapai*, which has always retained a majority within the Jewish population of Palestine, steadfastly wooed British Labour in the understandable expectation that a powerful Socialist Government would be its best friend abroad. Consequently the post-1945 history of Britain's policy in Palestine has not been so much a disappointment to the Israeli leadership as a personal tragedy. It has weakened that leadership in its own country and provided ready ammunition for powerful groups who saw in Britain an imperialist nation playing a Machiavellian hand with Arab and Jew to maintain its domination of the entire Middle East. *Mapai* ensures its Parliamentary majority by coalition with a religious *bloc*, which itself spreads from right to left in ideology and has no specific religious attitude to foreign affairs. There are, however, five members of a "Progressive Party" in the coalition, which is not committed to any narrow doctrine but recognises the value at this stage of a planned economy to curb the evils of unbridled private enterprise.

Were the Jewish State a normal, old-established, solvent republic, a foreign policy would flow from this coalition not vastly different from most democratic States in the post-war world. It would favour the containment of Communist outposts, seek strong links with Western Europe and the Anglo-American world, allow itself to become a link in one of the regional pacts. Mr. Sharett, the Foreign Minister, has in fact described his country's policy as that of non-identification rather than neutrality in the East-West conflict. Neutrality, he said, was inappropriate, because Israel, while refusing to become entangled in the self-interest of any foreign Power or group of States, had definite notions of war and strong views on democracy, which his country was developing to its fullest extent. Even for a small country this is a

cautious statement, containing a hint of partiality for the Anglo-American point of view without giving the Soviet *bloc* occasion for displeasure.

Behind this formula lies the dilemma of Israel's foreign policy. Next to *Mapai* the strongest party is *Mapam*, or United Workers' Party, with twenty representatives in Parliament. It is a misfortune that, despite many overtures from each side and almost constant negotiation, a way has not yet been found to bring this group into the coalition. Its members are mostly young, well disciplined and devoted to the cause of Zionism; they are well represented in the Labour Confederation, run settlements on communal lines, defended their State with a courage that bordered on the fanatical when it was attacked by five Arab Powers. They will not compromise on the issue of socialisation. They will have no truck with capital, even Jewish capital, if they see political strings attached to it, and they repudiate much of the Government's plans for encouraging investments from overseas, without which the country would be condemned to a less than European standard of living. *Mapam*, without being Communist, forms the extreme left wing in Israel and will understand Russia's point of view when it is wrong, but is blind to America's when it is right. It believes acceptance of American aid must inevitably draw the country into the Western sphere of influence, so that in the event of another war the people of Israel will have to fight against the régimes they consider more fairly represent the people's interests. Unlike the Communists, a negligible factor in Israel politics, *Mapam* has (in the country) a strong following which the Government can ignore only at its peril. At home its spokesmen call for a strict control of industry and private property to protect the workers' standards, with the consequent history of unofficial strikes which so frequently embarrass the T.U.C. in this country. Abroad it does not conceal its distrust of "dollar imperialism," and feels that the King of Jordan is merely a British nominee on Israel's very doorstep, ready to pounce upon the young State the moment vigilance is relaxed.

The dilemma here described is not one of outlook alone. It springs from the two-fold basic requirements of the new State—manpower and money. Despite official discouragement of emigration from the countries of Eastern Europe, Israel has not surrendered the hope that one day the stream of Jews who once were the basis and are now the mainstay of her nation may flow again. In the Soviet Union alone the number extends to more than two million. When the Soviet Union gave recognition to Israel—and it was one of the first Governments to do so—Tel-Aviv sent her strongest diplomatic mission to Moscow in a bid to coax M. Stalin's régime to a legalisation of Zionism, but those envoys met with a stern rebuff. Nevertheless it would be unwise for Israel to incur the displeasure of the Soviet Union. Times change, and régimes with them. Russian Jews were at the turn of this century the pioneers of their race, establishing flourishing settlements in every continent of the English-speaking world. In Rumania and Hungary, too, the way is barred and Zionism suspect. In these two countries especially there has been a marked deterioration in relations with Israel, but they each contain masses of Jews dissatisfied and dispossessed by the new régimes and it is Government edict alone which prevents a mass flight to Israel. In adopting a course in foreign affairs least likely to alienate the people's democracies, Israel is not just pursuing a vain hope, or seeking to appease the sympathisers of Eastern

Europe at home. She has drawn dividends from this policy in at least one country—Poland. There an agreement has been reached whereby all Jews desirous of emigrating to Israel may leave, provided they do so before September 1950. After that date it will be presumed by the Polish Government that the remaining Jews are happily integrated in the country. Of the 70,000 Jews left in Poland it is calculated that some 30,000 will depart.

Given the assurance that the country's sources of manpower will not dry up—an assumption which can be taken for granted for at least a decade (there being the great centres of North Africa and Oriental Jewry as an increasingly important factor in immigration)—financial aid for the absorption and resettlement of the new arrivals must be forthcoming from outside. Israel herself has a small budget and a large adverse balance of trade. She is adequately equipped financially for her own needs, but she rightly considers the burden of "ingathering the dispersed" to be a responsibility of world Jewry and the Zionist movement abroad. World Jewry in this context mostly means American Jewry. There the financial resources exist among a community of over five million to provide the almost astronomical sums required. Gifts from this source approach some \$100 million annually, and are given with goodwill. Besides this it is mainly from the United States that capital investment comes, and American capitalists are concerned principally with good business propositions and an assurance that money is not being lavished on extensive social experiments or being turned to the subsidy of a country unfriendly to the Western world. It is no exaggeration to say that an economic crisis in America could seriously imperil the new State's prospects; but this does not mean that Israel is any less independent politically than other countries in receipt of American aid. In fact she is more independent, and often finds herself in opposition to State Department policy on what the future of the Middle East should be. The United States has not been innocent of exerting pressure upon Israel, and she periodically asserts herself in Arab-Jewish affairs by demanding concessions from Israel in the matter of Arab refugees and frontier adjustments. In fact a situation now exists whereby popular sentiment in Israel has replaced the Foreign Office by the State Department as the evil genius preventing a settlement of outstanding differences between Jews and Arabs. During the years of the Mandate Jewish leaders in Palestine believed a fair and enlightened policy of the British Government was constantly frustrated by the colonial "man on the spot." Now it is more frequently said that the White House would act more generously towards Israel were it not for the unsympathetic and frequently hostile rôle played by the Middle East "desk" of the State Department.

Israel's policy towards the Western hemisphere is based on many geographical factors beyond her own control. She is at once a strategic link between two continents, an element indispensable to any Mediterranean regional defence system, and she is in possession of an oil port vital to the Anglo-American *bloc* in the event of war. She is thus a strong supporter of the United Nations, for she sees in that organisation not only the agency which brought the Jewish State into legal existence but the embodiment of the true international development her geographical position and sociological make-up demand. In Asia, however, the new State is striking out on an imaginative foreign policy in which she seeks common bonds with peoples now struggling with their new

found independence. Outwardly Israel is European, but this may well be only a superficial or ephemeral phase. In other respects she reflects more closely the spirit animating the new Asia which has seen in the past year or two the establishment of such independent and highly articulate States as India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia. Over them all stands the giant figure of Pandit Nehru, who, like Israel's Ben Gurion, has developed a *Weltanschauung* in its literal sense; and, like Ben Gurion, he knows England well. Matured within the British Empire, he refuses to be a pawn in the cold war, is a devout Socialist and a man of his people. At the time of writing India had not yet accorded recognition to Israel, but the future might well see a common, positive approach of these two nations towards the continent that lies between them.

The difficulty, of course, lies in the separation of Israel from other forward-looking Asiatic peoples by the thick barrier of ignorance, reaction and desert which at present constitutes Arabia. Those countries, forming as they do the world's depressed area, are the most serious drawback in the struggle for an Asia free of hunger and disease. Israel ardently wants to sign peace treaties with them, so that they can all abandon the crippling arms race in which they are engaged and set themselves to the greater tasks of irrigation and reconstruction. The young Jewish State has much to offer her near neighbours, not the least her experience in driving off the creeping paralysis of the desert. They in their turn will find a new friend anxious to buy their produce, to use their railways and their ships. So far Turkey is the one Moslem State whose relations with Israel are normal, but those Arab Powers who believe that if they stand aloof long enough Israel will crumble and die in the wilderness from which she sprang are consuming themselves in the pursuit of a mirage.

The long-term outlook for Israel's foreign policy seems to lie in the direction of a balance between the two extremities of opinion and towards a *rapprochement* with Great Britain, as the Power expressing *par excellence* a third force in the cold war. This is now far beyond the stage of pious utterance. Britain demonstrated by her opposition to the General Assembly's resolution on the internationalisation of Jerusalem that she fully accepted the new Israel in her Middle East strategy. She is restraining the belligerency of those Arab Powers hampaging for a "second round" against the Jews, and she is fervently anxious that Israel and Jordan come together as the two strongest military forces in the Middle East. In this country it is now accepted that the Jewish State has no ambition to extend her frontiers farther than they are at present, and in fact Israel holds no territory she was not entitled to occupy under last year's series of armistices with Arab governments. A strong delegation from the Labour Party and T.U.C. recently toured the State. At the time of writing cordial negotiations were in progress for a liquidation of the debts of the Palestine Mandate; perhaps a liquidation of some of the dark memories too. Every hope exists in British and Israel trade circles that the freeing of further sterling balances here will make for even greater mutual co-operation in the field of commerce. As it is, Britain remains Israel's best customer overseas, a situation quickly noted by those who are apprehensive of the cold realism of the dollar. Students of Israel's economy do not conceal the hope that should Britain follow the logic of her new friendship towards Israel by granting her a fairly long-term loan to be spent in this country on essential capital goods the way will be open for a

restoration of our influence in Palestine on a level and in an atmosphere which would never have seemed practicable hitherto.

BARNET LITVINOFF.

FRANCO-GERMAN RAPPROCHEMENT, 1878-85.

MANY of us, pretty well accustomed to history and its surprises may not have realised that a Franco-German *rapprochement* could occur, and did occur, in the Bismarck age. And especially after the Franco-German War. To the superficial, the forgetful and the ignorant* such a suggestion may appear preposterous. Yet between 1878 and 1885 Prince Bismarck made resolute, long-continued and not unsuccessful efforts to arrive at something of an Entente with the Third Republic.

At some earlier moments in his career (before the French, and before the Austrian, conflict) he had also striven for something like a workable understanding with the France of the Second Empire. But the most interesting, if not the closest, approach to Gallic friendship which he made was, surely, between the opening of the Congress of Berlin and the resignation and "fall" of Ferry, after the Tonquin failure, seven years later (1878-85).

To those years, then, I will specially try to attend, here and now. But before that, I will venture on a very brief word as to Franco-German crises of former Bismarckian time. The young statesman had skilfully argued against an absolutely anti-French policy in the first decade (and second half-decade) of Napoleon III—as President and as Emperor (1848-63). By masterly diplomacy he had kept Louis Napoleon from any interference in the war of 1866 or in the peace settlements of Nikolsburg and Prague. But Bismarck, now Chancellor and master mariner of the new North German ship of state, and successfully binding the (non-Austrian) South Germans to his northern empire by alliance treaties, was now thoroughly conscious of an invincible popular French opposition to his further advance towards a complete, or even a completer, German Union—towards a Reich without German Austria but with the inclusion of all Germandom besides. Napoleon's gentle, tired, generous "Europeanism" might at last acquiesce even in this. But certainly he could not carry his Ministers, the Chambers and the country with him in such a course.

Bismarck overcame these tremendous obstacles by a diplomacy at once carefully defensive and skilfully "imperialist"—and by successful war. It was a marvel that, after a war so terrible, and after a peace so wounding, German statesmanship should have been able, even for seven months or seven weeks, to achieve some kind of reconciliation and understanding with embittered France. Yet Bismarck did, for seven years, achieve something of this kind. Perhaps the war scare of 1875, and its peaceful conclusion, helped rather than hindered this. Perhaps the best French statesmanship realised that Gambetta's "Monstre" was now the opponent of a fresh conflict, justifiable only by unscrupulous "preventive" arguments. Bismarck was on his guard against such an aggressiveness as had ruined the New Charlemagne

* Among these people one often copies another in saying or assuming that Bismarck's policy, after 1870, supremely and invariably aimed at the "isolation" of France. From 1871 to 1877 and after 1885 this policy is, to some extent, "in being." But between these epochs there is "a long bright period," 1878-85.

sixty years before. He and his Germany, the Prince now declared, were "satiated." By war, among other means, the new, the restored, Reich had been created. By peace, alliance, friendship, it should be maintained. The task of its Government, of its chief statesman, was now to guard it from "wars and coalitions." The ideal of a *General European Entente, centring in Germany*, had taken shape in his mind—and it was not an ignoble vision. And such an ideal included, when not too impossible on the "other side," something of a reconciliation with France.

Even a little before the opening of the Congress of Berlin, and as early as the January of that year, there are indications of this *rapprochement*. As so often, quidnuncs had diligently rumoured that this had missed fire. Lord Odo Russell, from Berlin, warns Earl Granville that the French had not received the suggestion coolly and repellently, "as you were told," but had, "ever since, cultivated the most intimate relations." They now consulted Bismarck "on every question of foreign policy, before moving a step." * Now Bismarck was deeply gratified by the recall of the Vicomte de Gontaut-Biron, as French Ambassador, from Berlin, and by the appointment of the Comte de St. Vallier as his successor. These measures were taken, among their very first commitments, by the Dufaure-Waddington Cabinet, which assumed office on December 13th, 1877, and in which Waddington became a pioneer of Franco-German reconciliation. The Chancellor hailed † St. Vallier, with some justice, as the harbinger of better Franco-German relations. And St. Vallier, on arriving in Berlin (January 28th, 1878), introduced himself to Bismarck as "an organ of confidence and peace." Even before leaving France the Count had spoken (January 19th, 1878) on behalf of Franco-German *rapprochement* to Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, then German Ambassador in Paris, formerly Prime Minister of Bavaria, and long after this Bismarck's second successor as Imperial Chancellor. ‡ Especially St. Vallier had urged a measure of German participation in the forthcoming Paris Exhibition of 1878, and his suggestion was both successful and valuable. § The French President, Marshal MacMahon, was greatly surprised, but the German participation was distinctly welcomed (as it seemed to Hohenlohe) in the best possible circles. || At the Congress of Berlin in June and July 1878 Franco-German relations were further improved by Bismarck and Waddington. The former then, apparently, added his approval to Lord Salisbury's in the matter of a free hand for France in Tunis ¶ to balance the British acquisition of Cyprus, and, in any case, made constantly more evident to the French Foreign Minister, as to others, his sympathy with *rapprochement*.

In the development of the same tendency we may also notice a private letter of August 20th following, from Hohenlohe to his chief,

* Russell to Granville, May 29th, 1880. See Granville's *Life*, ed. Fitzmaurice, II, 212.

† Only the "Polish and Ultramontane affinities" of St. Vallier's predecessor (Gontaut-Biron), writes Bismarck, on January 26th, 1878, to Hohenlohe, had hindered him, the Reichskanzler, from meeting Gontaut-Biron half-way, in every respect, as he would meet St. Vallier. See *Die Grosse Politik*, No. 650 (iii, 381-2).

‡ Then giving the impression of a worn-out veteran (1894-1900, from his 75th to his 80th year).

§ See *D.G.P.*, 650 (iii, 381-2), and note to p. 381.

|| See *D.G.P.*, 653 (iii, 385-6), Hohenlohe to Bismarck, March 7th, 1878.

¶ Georges Pagès (in *Hégémonie Allemande*, 1871-1904) roundly asserts this. It is not apparent from the published German documents but is well attested, elsewhere. See *D.G.P.*, 657 (iii, 388-9 note), and the *Rapport de la Commission d'Enquête sur les Faits de la Guerre*, Vol. I (1919), p. 171. All this is related to the report of the French Ambassador upon a conversation with Bismarck at Friedrichsruh on January 5th, 1879.

in which the interesting and repeatedly ventilated question of a personal meeting between Bismarck and Gambetta is raised, and the Reichskanzler's instructions are requested. The Chancellor replied on August 28th with an emphatic expression of his wish to meet the French statesman, the chief Gallic hero of the war of 1870, and for years the chief spokesman of French *revanche*. A meeting, writes the Prince, had indeed been planned, and was only prevented by "my illness at Easter." "I still desire to make the acquaintance of M. Gambetta, and to come to a political understanding with him." * The sources differ as to whether this project of personal meeting, so curious, surprising, and peace-ensuring, was realised then, in 1878, or afterwards, when again discussed, as in 1881. The German State Documents afford no confirmation, nor, indeed, any definite refutation. But, similarly, the British State Documents give no confirmation of the British-German negotiations for possible alliance in the spring of 1898. From the Gambetta side it is distinctly implied—in one memoir, at least, of a certain authority—that the Frenchman visited his old German foe at Friedrichsruh in 1878. In any case we do know that Gambetta's former bitterness both against Bismarck and against his Germany was much modified in these last years of his tragically shortened life.

In the early days of the next year (1879) we find German policy very definitely supporting France's claims in that Tunisia which she finally seized in 1881, and which Salisbury (and probably Bismarck himself) had promised her in 1878. Thus on January 3rd, 1879, we hear from Herbert Bismarck that his father is hoping British policy will not "feel any need of annoying France" in this region. "*Any action agreeable to France, combined with his friendly relations towards England,*" seemed, to the Prince, "*to further the cause of peace.*" And in this sense, through Comte St. Vallier, France was assured of German diplomatic support in Tunis.† And, similarly, in the Nile-land, *mutatis mutandis*. On November 23rd, 1879, the Imperial Chancellor declares his friendliness towards "the Anglo-French desire to occupy a preferential position in Egypt." This desire was "fundamentally not unjustified," and Bismarck frankly avows his special wish in this field. It was to give France some little satisfaction, to handle her with all courtesy, and to allow her some success, *in order not to upset her present Government*.‡ (For Waddington the Reconciler was now the Gallic Premier, "by sufferance of Gambetta," until the very end of this year (December 27th, 1879).) It was a matter of such importance, in Bismarck's eyes, to keep Waddington in power that little Egyptian arrangements were not to be weighed against it for a moment.§ None the less, with the rapid inconsistency of French Parliamentary life, that worthy statesman was out of office a month later, never to reappear in the high ranks of home politics in Paris, but destined to hold the London Embassy in all his latest years (1883-93).

The French scheme of a trans-Sahara railway, put forward afresh in 1880, leads the Prince to another expression of sympathy. "I see with satisfaction from your report," he writes to the German Consul in Tangier on April 9th of that year, "that the French Government is being moved to seek a field for the rising national activities in parts where no collision with our interests is likely." An Anglo-French

* See *D.G.P.*, 654 (iii, 387), August 28th, 1878, and note 1, p. 387.

† See *D.G.P.*, 656 (iii, 388).

‡ See *D.G.P.*, 661 (iii, 394-5).

§ See *D.G.P.*, 661 (iii, 394-5).

ollision, moreover, in his matter, as the Consul had suggested, seemed to the Chancellor "extremely improbable," especially after Gladstone's victory at the polls. Neither France nor England would now be inclined to endanger the security which the "partners in this Anglo-French undertaking" expected. Bismarck frankly expressed his conviction that the continuance and permanence of the "Entente" between London and Paris would benefit Germany also.* Britain and France were now "likely to soothe rather than irritate one another." "I repeat that I cherish the hope that this Entente will not be endangered."† In similar terms the Reichskanzler spoke to the French Ambassador, the friendly St. Vallier, expressing his hopes that Anglo-French *Verbindung* would "consolidate."‡

France established her Protectorate over Tunis in early May 1881. On May 12th the Treaty of the Bardo was signed. And on May 26th Herbert Bismarck describes§ how M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Foreign Minister in the first Ministry of Jules Ferry (September 1880 to November 1881), had thanked the German Government for its support in the whole Tunis question, as in other matters. The French Foreign Office was now realising that it was due to the German Government in general, and to Count Hatzfeldt in particular, that the "overbearing and imprudent" attitude of the Sublime Porte had been so suddenly modified. (For Turkey had vehemently protested, as the older suzerain, against the Gallic action in Tunisia.) German support had most materially helped to clear the questions of Tunis and Tripoli as well as the Turco-Greek dispute. It was due to the same friendly German spirit that the hostile attitude of Italy had found no echo in Europe. The French Foreign Minister also thanked Prince Bismarck for his kindly attitude in the "so delicate" and vexatious question of the French insurance offices in Alsace. No abuse, no attacks at home, should prevent him, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, from acknowledging with gratitude the support which Germany had given to France.

We must also note how Turkish emissaries visited Berlin in December 1881 and endeavoured, with utter unsuccess, to enlist Bismarck's support for anti-French policy. The Tunis incident inspired their visit, and Turks then vainly hoped that this Tunis incident might also be unpalatable to a traditional foe of French ambition. Bismarck warned these envoys, from the first, that his Germany would support nothing that might disturb the peace of Europe. He did not know whether his country might not again be attacked by France. But he did know that his Germany would not make use of any opportunity, however favourable it might seem, to take the aggressive against France. He would not support, directly or indirectly, any warlike plans of the Porte. And he did not think the Turks would find any other ally in this matter. He was convinced that France had no designs on Tripoli.|| Soon after this handsome testimonial from St. Hilaire—in July of the same year (1881)—we have what is certainly one of Bismarck's most definite, comprehensive and cordial statements of friendliness to

* Bismarck "liked the Anglo-French Alliance." This inaccurate but cordial term is constantly used in the German documents about this time. The Prince even regarded it then as the "basis of Peace in Europe." So Odo Russell writes to Earl Granville on May 1st, 1880. See Granville's *Life* (Fitzmaurice), II, 209.

† See *D.G.P.*, 663 (iii, 396-7).

‡ See *D.G.P.*, 663 (iii, 397 note); George Pagès, *L'Hégémonie Allemande*, and *Rapport de la Commission d'Enquête sur les Faits de la Guerre*, Vol. I (1919), p. 176. Partly based on a private letter of St. Vallier to the French Premier, M. de Freycinet, March 31st, 1880.

§ See *D.G.P.*, 667 (iii, 399-401).

|| See *D.G.P.*, 671 (iii, 403-4), December 22nd, 1881.

France. By the hand of Moritz Busch he sends to Hohenlohe a cutting from the *St. James's Gazette* "well worth laying to heart." And, further, he asks him to assure St. Hilaire that even if the *St. James's* had no warrant for assuming that Germany and France were really "allied" yet France could certainly count on "our friendliness and good will" towards her policy in Africa. Also France could be assured that "we shall never oppose her justified policy of expansion on the Mediterranean." The Reichskanzler hoped that French policy might finally recognise in a friendly German Empire something even better than the million of Alsatians and Lorrainers she had lost.*

Gambetta's Premiership, in his disappointing and short-lived *Grand Ministère* (November 1881-January 1882), and some fear of chauvinist reaction in his policies, led Bismarck to reaffirm his "unchanged" attitude of "benevolent and peaceful neighbour." None the less, this momentary shadow, even if only of electioneering character, probably contributed to the German alliance with Italy. In the case of the Southern Kingdom it was a direct result, we know, of "France in Tunis." Yet Bismarck took good care to keep his new *Verbindungs* on strictly defensive lines. On no account will he take up "cudgels" against France for Italian colonial quarrels.

In a subsequent article I hope to continue the history of this notable *rapprochement* of Teuton Reich and Gallic republic. Here I will only add a reference to the Chancellor's hopes, and wishes, for French "stability," in response to M. Duclerc † (e.g. in November 1882); to the repeated evidence of French gratitude for Bismarckian assurances; and to the Prince's steady encouragement of French colonial advance. ‡ He will now do nothing to weaken the Third Republic, or even to acquiesce in any peace disturbance involving France.

RAYMOND BEAZLEY.

THE AXIS OF HISTORY.

THE removal of Karl Jaspers from Heidelberg to Basle, while it has detached him somewhat from German problems, has equipped him all the better as an interpreter of our world crisis. Once before, indeed, he took this as his theme, in *Die geistige Situation de Zeit* (1931), with its penetrating analysis of our modern ills and the sophistries by which we seek to cure them, as well as its appeal to the individual conscience to shake off the tyranny of the mass mind. His latest book, *Vom Ursprung und Ziel der Geschichte*, does more than supplement the earlier account; it provides it with an historical background. We are now offered a masterly survey of the total adventure and discipline of the race, so that we are enabled to single out its salient features and to discern in some measure whither it is tending. The book has some defects, a certain lack of system being among them; but we can abjure criticism and be content with a brief summary of the main argument.

No one who is at all familiar with the previous work of Jaspers will expect for a moment from him some all-comprehending scheme, such as that of the Marxist, designed to order the variety of historical incidents under a single principle. Such a view presupposes, what he would emphatically deny, that there is a standpoint outside history

* See *D.G.P.*, 668 (iii, 401).

† See *D.G.P.*, 673-4 (iii, 404-5).

‡ See *D.G.P.*, 691-9 (iii, 429-44).

which we can occupy while we survey it. There is no such standpoint : we are participants in history, not mere spectators of it. It assumes, moreover, that history is something closed, that it is the sum of events in the past, as far as these are made accessible to us by being recorded. But in fact history is still open, since the future has yet to be made. Nor is it only the future that is thus subject to our decision. Our present choices give a new turn even to the past, so that what it means is in part dependent on what we do now. No view of history can be separated finally from the total attitude to life of the one who attempts it. The scale of values by which he operates here will largely determine what he sees there. In other words, a philosophy of history, like every other type of philosophy, is rooted in a personal faith.

Jaspers makes, therefore, no attempt to conceal that it is a conviction of this order which leads him to find the Axis of history, as he calls it, the crucial period, in the one which runs from 800 to 200 B.C. It was confined, of course, to three points on the earth's surface, to Egypt-Mesopotamia, India and China. The spiritual leaders of all subsequent history emerged in it, Confucius and Lao Tse, the writers of the Upanishads and Buddha, Zoroaster and the prophets of Israel, Socrates and the Greek philosophers. It was the birth-hour of man as a spiritual being. He began to sound the depths and to aspire to the heights. His eye was turned inwards upon the soul and outwards upon ultimate reality. He passed from the world of myth to the world of reason and conscience. He achieved independence but knew that he was not his own master. It was at this period that the questions were first asked which since then have been raised afresh in each generation, that the moral insights were won—or should we say granted?—with which we cannot dispense at this day.

To be sure, history did not begin with the Axis. The human race was already old. The great civilisations of Egypt and Babylon, India and China, were securely established. They provided the material basis for the spiritual advance which it achieved. How and why it arose out of them we do not know ; we must consent to mystery. And behind these ancient civilisations stretches the long, prehistoric period during which man was in the making and of which so little has survived to us. For history begins only with tradition, whose office it is to make the past available in the present. Again, there are many peoples who remain to this day untouched by the high civilisations and the spiritual achievements of the Axis period. For here again is a mystery, that the movements to which we owe so much were not given to all. To this day a people enters into history as we understand it just at the point at which it takes over this social and spiritual heritage, whether in its Eastern form or its Western.

We who live in Europe to-day are children of a second and equally formative period, the one which began with the Renaissance and ran through Rationalism, the French Revolution, the Industrial Revolution, and so on to where we stand now. The master agency here is the rise of modern science, and once again we note with awe that this was not granted to all mankind—it is a privilege of the West. If we ask whence it was that it arose there and nowhere else, our only answer will consist in pointing out certain features in Western civilisation which were favourable. The questioning spirit of Greece and the Christian doctrine of creation are not the least important among these. We may mention also the diversity among the European peoples and the conflicts which ensued and made stagnation impossible, as also the clash

of creed and creed and the tension between Church and State. But we must allow also for the appearance of exceptional individuals who are more than the product of their time, the pioneers who discover new possibilities and so make them available for all.

Science develops the type of mind which combines a passion for the minutest detail with the urge towards a comprehensive whole of knowledge, scepticism with openness to new facts. But it has brought forth something else, technology, mass civilisation and the machine, with all their effects, sometimes beneficial but often terrifying. Technology is the manipulation of the environment in the interest of human life, and its peculiar triumph is the Industrial Revolution, a product of science, the spirit of invention, and the organisation of labour on the large scale. The technical civilisation of the West to-day overspreads the whole earth, bringing within its influence peoples untouched by the Axis and owing nothing to the ancient civilisations. So momentous are the effects of the Renaissance and what followed on it that we might be tempted to speak of it as a second Axis. But this we may not do. The new period does not enlarge man's spiritual vision as the old one did. It puts him in mortal peril, for technology threatens to subdue even the soul of man to itself.

Standing as we do in the midst of this modern period, two results become clear to us. The first is that we live for the first time in one world. The remotest peoples are having the appurtenances of Western civilisation forced upon them. A world unfolds before us for which European history is but a provincial affair, democracy a rare and rather unsuccessful experiment in political techniques, and Christianity a comparatively recent arrival among religions. We of the West have not yet realised that we must play henceforth a much more modest part. What lies beyond the Atlantic in one direction and the Urals in another will decide our fate. India and China must be accepted as equal partners at first, perhaps as superior before long. The values which we dismissed as aberrations from our standards have now to be ranked as enjoying the same right with these. The war of 1914-18 was no world war, it was a mere European quarrel; only now do we know what global war is like.

The second result is that the spiritual life is in grave danger, for man himself is in process of becoming mechanised. To-day the mass is the deciding factor, in taste as well as in politics. Can we educate the individual, embedded from birth in the mass, to conscience and responsibility, to truth in the inward parts? If not, what will our fate be? Modern man has learned cynicism, he questions everything that he hears; what opposes him he dismisses as ideology, but at the same time he is capable of almost limitless self-deception. We have forgotten such things as simplicity and fellowship and have handed life over to organisation. We dwell amid negations, being anti-this and anti-that. When distress of soul stirs us, we roll off our guilt upon any scapegoat that is handy. We are victims of unbelief and nihilism. Yet these are not our fate. If we understand them, we should be able to bring them under control. Our one hope of overcoming the monsters which threaten us is to confront them fearlessly and to take the measure of their power to injure us.

Man to-day seeks after freedom, prizing it under both its forms, as the liberation of the innermost self and as the rule of law in organised society. But freedom to-day has to be won and maintained in face of the three great tendencies of the time; we must be able to make these our

servants or they will show themselves our masters. The first tendency is *Socialism*. Our mass society, particularly as it has been affected by two wars, cries out for large-scale organisation, for economic planning. We are therefore tempted to push planning too far, to make it total. But that is incompatible with freedom. Planning must be kept within definite limits and confined to goods of a lower order. Jaspers would wish, for example, to retain the free market. We must not worship applied science as though it could solve all problems. For man lives in the last resort by much that can only be given to him and can never be organised and administered.

The second tendency is that towards *world unity*. Such unity is inevitable. Wars there may be in the future, but they will be in the nature of civil wars, rending a unity which must be composed again thereafter. The question which remains is whether unity will take the form of world empire or of world order. Either one of the two great Powers which alone remain will beat down all opposition and coerce us into a new *Pax Romana*, or we shall learn to live in mutual understanding. To achieve the latter, some form of federation will be the necessary political step. There will need to be a surrender of sovereignty, at least to the extent of bringing into being a centre of power which will permit to member-States the exercise of certain functions, while reserving the rest to itself. Perhaps Russia or the United States will begin such a federation with the States which are attached to it, and this will grow until it takes in the whole world. We are no longer asked whether we will unite or not, but only under what form we will unite.

There is, however, a third need. It is for a *faith* which will counter the nihilism and unbelief already spoken of. We recognise some of the features of our own time in the spectacle of ancient Rome in its decay. What is lacking from the contemporary picture is anything so virile and so promising as primitive Christianity was then. Clearly, the faith which is to unite and hearten us can be no manufactured product. We do not need, on the other hand, a new revelation, but only the re-birth of the religion of the Bible in a form appropriate to our time and its needs. It will be faith in God, bringing to men the conviction that they are not alone in face of circumstance nor at the mercy of their own impulses, but that there is a Power which supports, and gives significance to, their honest endeavours. It will be faith in man, so that even an age haunted by the nightmare horrors of Buchenwald will be capable of toleration and the recognition of another as of equal worth with oneself. It will be faith in the possibilities of the future, so that ideals will be given to us which may inspire and direct action in this stubborn yet inviting world.

So all turns in the end upon the responsibility of the individual. Only he who sees that this is so to-day will reckon as the supreme hour in the past that at which the individual awoke to his responsibility. There are no forces of good which will bear us forward passively to salvation. But if our problems can be solved only by action, we must not forget that action can only be fruitful in the measure to which it is informed by thought. And for both thought and action there is a guide in faith, faith that man was made in the image of God, that he is one amid all his divisions, and that it is not without a purpose that he is on the earth.

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THE WORDSWORTH CENTENARY.

DEATH has so often cut short the Poet's song just when the golden notes seemed richest that English literature is studded with "might have beens." Would Marlowe have surpassed Shakespeare if he had not met an untimely end in a tavern brawl in his late twenties?; what greater heights would Shelley have scaled if he had not been drowned in his thirtieth year?; or Keats, who gasped out his life before he was twenty-seven; or Byron; or Chatterton or Edward Thomas? The company is legion, an endless fund for the scholar's speculation over the college port. Perhaps it is as well that the questions remain unanswered. Old age might have meant merely anti-climax, the unkindler fate which was reserved for "Daddy" Wordsworth, the centenary of whose death at the age of 80 is celebrated on April 23rd. Had he, too, died in, say, 1805, in his thirty-sixth year, having lived as long as Byron, his fame would not appreciably have been diminished in our eyes, and his stature as a man might have been immeasurably increased. By 1805 he had written, if not published, all that is supreme in his work. His freshness of thought and style would have stamped him as one of the most original poets of the day, and his youthful altruism would have cast a cloak of romance about his spare figure. As it is, from the Olympian serenity of his eighty years, posterity has handed down the picture of a sedate and conventional moralist whose inspiration had long ago shrivelled; the young revolutionary faded into a grey-haired reactionary suffering from mental arterio-sclerosis.

It is the pious ramblings of his old age, when he had long outlived his creative life, that have caused Wordsworth, as a person, to become probably the least liked of the great English poets. They eclipse the daring innovations of his twenties, and cloud the achievements which make him the finest sonneteer in our language. His creative impulse waxed supreme for perhaps not more than fifteen of his eighty years. In Wordsworth's case, more than in most poets, it was the early impressions of boyhood that unconsciously sowed the first seeds of that rich harvest. Born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, in 1770, Wordsworth was the second son of an attorney who acted as agent to Sir James Lowther, later the first Earl of Lonsdale. His father's death, some years after his mother had died, left the family in straitened circumstances. The Earl, as the traditional villain of the piece, blandly declined to repay a loan of £5,000 which composed practically all his unlucky employee's estate. When the Wordsworths threatened court proceedings, the Earl neatly blocked their path by retaining every counsel on the circuit. Fortunately for William and his brothers, their uncles had sufficient means to provide for the boys' upbringing, and although they regarded their wards as tiresome inflictions they did at least grudgingly carry out their obligations.

Academically, William's education embraced Hawkshead Grammar School and St. John's College, Cambridge, but his poetic intuition was fostered not by books but by the mystic experiences of his youth. Physically strong and healthy, he loved to be out of doors, ranging the windswept slopes of the Lakeland hills, and in this fashion he laid the foundations of his lifelong habit of solitary contemplation and communion with Nature which supplied the mainspring of his genius. His Cambridge days were an unhappy interlude. Limited in scholarship, lacking in the social graces, he failed to gain access either to the university cliques or the circles of fashion which fringed the colleges.

always *gauche* and reserved, he made few friends, and drifted idly down the years lacking ambition, purpose or goal. The question of a career remained unanswered—an uncomfortable problem which he showed no inclination to settle while it could remain shelved. The obvious choices of the Law or the Church were equally distasteful. "I am doomed to be an idler through my whole life," he lamented, and in this spirit he went to France in 1791 with the vague intention of learning the language.

The journey altered Wordsworth's life. His unformed, rudderless sympathies, caught up in the flood of the French Revolution, were swept away on the tides of ardent Republicanism. The revolt against despotism and the doctrines of Liberty filled him with such a glowing enthusiasm that he boasted how he would recklessly and

With willing heart
Have undertaken for a cause so great
Service however dangerous.

But political creeds were not all that inspired his thoughts. He was a partner in a passionate love affair which haunted his whole life and he also completed his first published poems. They appeared in two slim volumes in February 1793, shortly after his return to England. One, "Descriptive Sketches," concerned a walking tour to Switzerland which he had made with a Cambridge acquaintance; the second, "An Evening Walk," had probably been started soon after he first went to the university. In the same month that they came off the press England declared war on France.

No shock
Given to my moral nature had I known
Down to that very moment

wrote Wordsworth in the "pity and shame" which he felt when his native country joined forces against the sacred cause of France and, therefore, of liberty. "You know perhaps already that I am of that odious class of men called democratic," he told a friend, and so stalwart was his support for the enemy that his brother warned him to "be cautious in writing or expressing your political opinions." Depressed, impoverished, frustrated, Wordsworth wandered moodily about the country, mixing with the clandestine sympathisers of France, spurned by his disgusted guardians as a shiftless young man of unsatisfactory character.

Even when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb he had one champion, however—his sister Dorothy. There was a curious affinity between them, and her devotion to him then, as always, was unwavering. Probably never before or since in the history of literature have two people been so perfectly complementary to each other. Warm-hearted and emotional, Dorothy loved her brother with all the strength of her ardent temperament. She was only twenty months William's junior and her quick perception and sympathy were two assets on which he was to depend all his life. From girlhood she had always dallied with the "romantic dream"—as she herself called it—of an ideal existence, sharing her brother's roof, attending to his needs, aiding him in his work. Then, just when it seemed that the chances of such a partnership were hopeless, Dorothy's dream came true. After two years of desultory brooding Wordsworth was left a legacy of £900 by a friend. To cap this, a Bristol merchant offered him "a ready furnished house rent free" at Racedown, near Crewkerne in Dorset, and with these slender resources Dorothy and William set up their home.

During the course of the move William made the acquaintance the person who, with Dorothy, was to be the main influence in his life—Coleridge. His generous, flamboyant genius acted as a tonic to Wordsworth's jaded spirit. He eagerly read William's poetry, inter-leaving it with his own suggestions and amendments, and was unstinted in his spontaneous admiration. Wordsworth, at that time, was groping uncertainly through a fog of confused thought towards a real understanding of his own capabilities. Apart from Dorothy, Coleridge was one of the first people to appreciate Wordsworth's inherent genius. He described him enthusiastically as "unrivalled among the writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery and vivid colouring." In fact, Coleridge dazzled both the Wordsworths so much that in 1797 they abandoned their rent-free house and moved to Alfoxenden in the Quantock hills of Somerset to be near him. There, William, Dorothy and Coleridge—"three persons and one soul"—embarked upon the collaboration which was to have such a profound effect on English poetry. Revolting against the artificial diction of the eighteenth century, the two men planned a volume "of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium."

Such a project involved the use of a simple and natural style such as had been common both to the language of poetry and everyday life before it had become corrupted with the artifices of poetic diction and the conventions of polite society. While Coleridge endeavoured to give "a human semblance of truth" to the magical and transcendental, Wordsworth sought to discover in the things of everyday life the working of spiritual forces. To achieve his object he aimed at clothing his thoughts in what he was afterwards to describe as "the real language of men." The outcome of their joint resolves was the "Lyrical Ballads," a volume whose appearance in 1798 marks the dawn of the "Romantic Movement" in English literature. In these poems Wordsworth preached the gospel of feeling:

Come forth into the light of things
Let Nature Be Your teacher

but the invocation fell on deaf ears. Like many another noble enterprise the "Lyrical Ballads" at first caused little stir.

As far as Wordsworth himself is concerned, they denote his emergence from the shadow into the sunlight. Now that his inner conflict was assuaged he was ready to enter his great productive period as a poet drawing on the vital capital which had been sown in him so generously in the past. After a six-months tour of Germany he and Dorothy decided to re-establish their attachment with the hills and lakes, the strongest tie in Wordsworth's life. They settled at Dove Cottage between Grasmere and Ambleside, overlooking the waters which, as Dorothy herself said, called "home the heart to quietness." There in his rustic retreat, Wordsworth decided to part "with all remembrance of a jarring world," shutting his eyes to all the new civilisation of the machine age which was rapidly devouring the green countryside in the dark track of industrialism. As the new century was ushered in he began the composition of that great poem which traces the growth of a poet's mind, "The Prelude." At the time he regarded it merely as a comparatively short introduction to a complete philosophical poem which he planned "on man, on nature and on human life" setting out "the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement." Inevitably

perhaps, Wordsworth could not see in the industrial ferment a world in travail towards a new birth. As his roots sank more and more deeply into the earth of his native soil he began to appreciate more keenly the joys of peaceful serenity and oppose anything which threatened to overthrow the old, settled order of things. The last vestiges of the social theoriser and the social rebel gradually shrink from his poetry. He became firmly established in the convictions of the secluded way of life and the domestic contentment which were to remain essentially unchanged throughout the remainder of his life. He recovered his stability and settled down to distil his poems out of the old emotions which he recollected in his new tranquillity.

The days were given to almost frenzied composition. Day after day Dorothy's "Journal" records how William was worn to death after a concentrated period of writing, and how she had to soothe away the nervous headaches and insomnia brought on in the sustained effort to produce his limpid masterpieces. In fact, it is impossible to assess Wordsworth's success as a poet without bearing in mind the important and essential contribution which Dorothy made to his work. She was his official "memory," able to recall and re-create fleeting impressions with fluent description. Wordsworth's imagination always moved slackly at a pedestrian pace, but Dorothy's lively understanding was able to open exactly the right trend of thought in her brother's mind. She supplied the function of both inspiration and stimulant, kindling the flame of his creative powers.

During their early years at Dove Cottage, Wordsworth's genius was at its height. His exquisite lyrical feeling crystallised in lovely lines like his description of the daffodils "fluttering and dancing in the breeze" along the lakeside. In a few sentences of pure magic he could paint the beauty of April's alternating sun and shower, or draw an abiding picture of the simple dalesfolk who were his neighbours. The clouds of financial hardship were lifted when the new Earl of Lonsdale agreed to pay, with interest, the debts which had been owing to the Wordsworth family for the last nineteen years. This change in fortune enabled Wordsworth to marry Mary Hutchinson, a lifelong friend of Dorothy's, who still continued to share her brother's roof. With the two women to minister to his needs, William was almost glutted with "homefed delights" and the "sober certainty of waking bliss." As the years rolled placidly by one thing alone was missing: the vital spark to inflame his senses into song. The great philosophical poem remained unfinished. Dorothy's power to conjure her brother's imagination had waned. Coleridge could no longer exercise his old magic. He was estranged from them, beset with his own troubles of ill-health and poverty, seeking his escape in drugs.

In 1813 Wordsworth was granted the office of distributor of stamps for the county of Westmorland. The sinecure was worth some £400 a year, and it enabled him to set up house in grander style at Rydal Mount. His new financial ease also permitted the luxury of travel, and a change of scene helped to whip up his jaded powers. Tours of Scotland, Ireland and Italy all yielded poetic fruit. There were fitful gleams of the old brilliance. His youthful genius was apt to reassert itself in sudden gushes like his lines on Newton:

The marble index of a mind for ever

Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone

but such examples were the occasional mountains in a flat plain of near-prose. The fires were damped. From his middle age onwards, Words-

worth's poetry was nothing more than a pale afterglow of its noonday splendour. Wordsworth himself realised that he had passed the nadir. When he was offered the Poet Laureateship in 1843, on the death of Southey, he was at first inclined to refuse on the grounds that he could not discharge the duties. It was only after Sir Robert Peel had assured him that no official verses would be required from him that he accepted. In one of his last really masterly poems Wordsworth admirably expressed what could have applied to his own feelings and the essence of the creed which he preached :

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

PATRICK POINTON.

FORMOSA AND THE JAPANESE.

RECENTLY I happened to come across a book entitled *Japan and her Colonies*, published in 1922 in both England and the United States by an American gentleman named Poulteney Bigelow. Since Mr. Bigelow refers to himself in his preface as an old man, it may be that he did not live to review his extravagant panegyric of Japan in the light of Far Eastern history since 1931. It would even be charitable to hope that, in the evening of his days, he was spared this embarrassing experience, for, whatever reception may have been accorded to his writings in 1922, they would hardly make him a popular figure in this disillusioned world of 1950. For the Japanese, in Mr. Bigelow's eyes, could do no wrong; they were at once the most chivalrous, peace-loving and cultured race under creation and as colonial administrators the very paragons of humanity and efficiency. The book possesses no great merit, either from a literary standpoint or as a contribution to the knowledge of the Japanese national character and colonial empire. But from the aspect of international psychology it will repay study even to-day. For the author was typical of a class of publicists British as well as American, not very numerous, perhaps, but wielding an altogether disproportionate influence, whose writings helped to build up abroad during the first quarter of this century a dangerously false conception of Japan, and, by lulling the British and American peoples into a coma of befuddled adulation, laid down for the Japanese a rainbow-tinted psychological smoke-screen behind which they could go about their aggressive preparations, smirking at the plaudits of their unsuspecting future victims.

Writings of this kind are typical of the traditional inability of the occidental to achieve an objective and balanced judgment when things Japanese are concerned. The state of mind which they evoked a generation ago has its antithesis in the blind antipathy, the refusal to admit that any good thing can come out of Japan, which the war has aroused, especially in the United States. I do not suggest that this antipathy is not wholly understandable, but in its refusal to perceive the indubitable (one might almost say baleful) qualities and accomplishments of the Japanese, it represents the reverse side of the pæans of uncritical eulogy which echoed down the first two decades of the century. Both attitudes, being divorced from realities, are potentially dangerous. One fears that in course of time the wheel may turn full cycle and

that the next generation, in rediscovering the idealised Japan of the Poulteney Bigelows, may forget the lessons which their fathers have learned at such great cost in blood and treasure. Already photographs in *Life* magazine of G.I.s fraternising in Tokyo with attractive Japanese girls (the geisha, the *mekaké* and the "business girl" played their part in creating the great illusion which helped the Japanese to get away with murder) arouse an uneasy suspicion that the process of re-indoctrination may have already begun.

But for me this book possessed an additional interest. Mr. Bigelow's tour of Formosa (personally conducted throughout by a suave representative of the Japanese Foreign Office) took place shortly after I first arrived in the island. With his high appraisal of the efficiency of the Japanese administration I should agree, while drawing very different inferences from it. I should not assume, for instance, that the Japanese colonial official of that day was a pure-souled, peace-loving individual, single-minded in his devotion to the welfare of the Formosan native. Some of the Japanese personalities whom he marshals in his pages were well known to me. I too was a guest at the banquets of the lecorous, white-uniformed Baron Den, first civilian Governor-General, in his palace at Taihoku, and I have not forgotten either the before-dinner dissertations to which His Excellency treated his guests, or his French cuisine and wines. I remember too that most pro-British of Japanese militarists, General Shiba, the commander-in-chief in Formosa and a former military attaché in London, who had a sneaking fondness for being addressed as Sir Goro Shiba, K.C.B. Many a time have Dr. Shimamura, Civil Administrator and golf enthusiast, and his charming *Samurai* wife had tea with us on the lawns at Tamsui. And kind little Hosui of the Foreign Department, beaming behind his thick-lensed spectacles, was the faithful friend of all the foreign residents on the island. It was he who acted as intermediary in our minor difficulties with the authorities and arranged the details of our expeditions into the interior. It is not my intention to analyse this strange schizophrenic quality in the Japanese which contributed so much to global catastrophe, but I think I can safely say that it did not becloud the judgment of those who spoke their language and spent years as onlookers at their national and social development.

In retrospect nothing brings home more vividly the vast changes which have followed the downfall of Japan in the Far East than a recollection of the impression of permanence and immutability conveyed by the Formosan colonial régime in the nineteen-twenties. If anyone had suggested to me, or to any other foreigner in Formosa in that decade, that within our lifetime it would have dissolved like the fabric of a dream, we should have scouted the idea as fantastic. Reversion from Japanese to Chinese rule would have appeared not only chimerical but positively undesirable in the best interests of the islanders. For the Japanese even to contemplate a term to their dominion (a mental feat of which their limited powers of imagination rendered them quite incapable) would have been an impious reflection upon the divine mission of their race. As for the Formosan Chinese, in spite of their fear and passive dislike of the Japanese, twenty-five years of subjugation to alien rule had had its material compensations in increased security, well-being and standard of living. Nothing is to be gained at this stage in Far Eastern history by underrating the material achievements of the Japanese in their colonies.

There was as yet no Formosan nationalist movement worthy of the

name, though a few years later this ceased to be the case, and although many of the islanders retained ties of blood relationship with the mainland province of Fukien, and especially with the city of Amoy, there was little outward sign that they cherished any political affinity with their ancestral homeland, or any desire to exchange Japanese for Chinese rule. It is probable, indeed, that only a small minority looked upon China as their mother country. A majority of the population had been in the island for generations, during which they had acquired a pronounced insularity of outlook. Many were the descendants of political refugees, of outlaws and criminals, who had either found a refuge in the island or had left their country for their country's good. Of Republican China, its ideals and political struggles, they knew and cared nothing. And the imperial Manchu régime, extension of whose authority to Formosa their ancestors had stubbornly resisted, spelt for them only oppression and misgovernment. I never met a pro-Japanese Formosan, and doubt if any existed, but the smouldering fires of racial animosity were kept prudently banked beneath an obsequious and conciliatory exterior.

The Formosans at this time numbered about three and a half millions, with a very large preponderance of "Amoy men," speaking the Amoy dialect. With the Japanese it was an article of political faith to regard them as generically distinct from the mainland Chinese; they were officially known as *honto-jin* (islanders), and more contemptuously as *to-jin*. Many adults had a smattering of Japanese and all the children attending the Government schools, in which it was taught as the national language, spoke it fluently. By contrast, very few Japanese could boast of more than a pidgin command of the Amoy dialect, and the prevalent Japanese attitude to the Formosans was one of contempt which no effort was made to conceal. Of this attitude Kisé, the consular writer, was a most conspicuous exponent. An accomplished singer of *No* music, he had a voice of exceptional range and power. Every octave of this voice was brought into play when Kisé summoned the long-suffering Formosan boatmen and gardeners to his presence upon the veranda of the Red Fort with raucous bellows, or admonished them for their misdemeanours with yelps of wrath.

Yet this assertion of racial superiority differed very materially in its manifestations from the traditional demeanour of the white residents in the East towards native populations. The Japanese looked upon themselves as a people superior not only to other Asiatics but also to Europeans, yet they recognised their common membership in a great Asiatic family group. Thus they lived in much closer contact with Formosans and Koreans than the British ever have with Indian Malays or Burmese, or indeed with the Japanese themselves in Japan. I have often been impressed by this absence of racial segregation when travelling in the Formosan interior. Chinese coolies would overflow in hordes into our first-class compartments oblivious of the fact that their red tickets entitled them only to third-class accommodation. The Japanese guard on his frequent ticket-punching excursions seemed to regard this as in no way irregular. Sometimes, in deference to me, my policeman escort would command them in stentorian tones to begone to their own place, but they merely smiled at him in benign impassivity. So far from regarding civilised Japanese, or even the police, with awe, the Formosan peasant showed a certain insouciance towards them, and one derived the impression that he regarded a well-filled rice bowl (and the Japanese had filled the

Formosan rice bowl to overflowing) as more than adequate compensation for a certain harshness and arrogance in demeanour.

All but a tiny minority of the islanders were peasants or coolies. Outside a small coterie of millionaire landowning and industrial families such as the Lims and Gans (who acquired and retained their fortunes by subservience to Japanese interests) no upper class existed and only a very attenuated middle class. This was a form of social structure which the Japanese were at great pains to perpetuate, since their colonial policy had no place for a politically minded intelligentsia and required the maximum resources of cheap and docile labour. So long as the Formosans accepted without question their inferior status and cherished no proscribed political ambitions or ideals, they were treated, without sympathy, yet without positive brutality. Just as it is in the interests of the slave-owner to keep his slaves healthy and contented, so it was politic for the overlords to extend to the labouring masses the material benefits of Japanese rule, such as medical care, sanitation, public order and good communications. Cholera and plague were stamped out, smallpox eliminated by compulsory vaccination and, in an island where lawlessness had once been a byword throughout the Far East, crime had dwindled to smaller proportions than in metropolitan Japan. No traveller coming from the Chinese mainland could fail to remark the comparative prosperity of the Formosan peasantry. Rice farmers, sugar and tea cultivators, coal miners and coolies had only to labour patiently to acquire their modest share in the vast profits which Japanese organisation and ingenuity were extracting from this luxuriant subtropical island. Taxation, it is true, was relatively heavy, but the bulk of the tax yield went into insular administration and public works, which, if designed primarily in Japanese interests, increased the welfare of the native in ways not always perceptible to him.

This delightfully unexact post afforded frequent leisure for expeditions into the superbly beautiful mountainous interior. At one time or another I visited the territories of all the aboriginal tribes, Tayals, Tsuwos, Puyumas, Paiwans and Amis, with the exceptions of the still unsubjugated Bununs on the slopes of Mout Morrison, and the tiny Yami tribe on their remote island of Botel Tobago. All these tribes, except the Amis, who were cultivators and fishermen on the eastern coastal strip, were *seiban*, or "raw" tribes, and had a very recent head-hunting past; in fact their hereditary enemies, the Formosan Chinese, at whose hands they had suffered centuries of brutal oppression, still took their lives into their hands when they entered tribal territory.

Since I travelled with a Japanese police escort and stayed at night in their posts, I had constant opportunity of observing the methods of tribal administration. The tribal police, all retired non-commissioned officers of the Japanese Army, were in my opinion a very fine body of men. They were genuinely attached to the savages under their charge, and the latter seemed to reciprocate with confidence and goodwill. If this should excite surprise in view of the sinister reputation of the Japanese police elsewhere, it may be added that, although subjugation was carried out ruthlessly and with heavy cost in Japanese as well as tribal lives, these primitive peoples were the type of "younger brethren" to win the approbation of their overlords. They were childlike people; and the Japanese as a race are devoted to children. They were warriors born and completely fearless, and the Japanese, courageous themselves, respect courage in an adversary. Above all, they were guiltless of subversive political ideology, and could not by any stretch of the

imagination, even one so elastic as the Japanese, be suspected of harbouring "dangerous thoughts." But since the Pacific War I have sometimes asked myself whether, in this relationship, there was not a deeper, atavistic chord. Was this, perhaps, a meeting of Greek with Greek—the Japanese head-hunter face to face with his aboriginal counterpart, his blood brother, in the mountain fastnesses from which his own ancestors had emerged?

The Japanese colonial official, though often not reluctant to line his own pocket when he could do so with impunity, was less rapacious than the Chinese. Official corruption manifested itself principally in large Government undertakings such as the opium monopoly, which ripened into a hoary scandal and destroyed the reputation of at least one Governor-General. The Government had declared an intention of suppressing opium smoking very early in the occupation, but an exception had been made in the case of confirmed addicts, who were granted life-term licences. Although by 1928 most of these addicts should have been in their graves or their dotage, the official quota of licensed smokers showed no decrease. The official explanation of this phenomenon was that illicit smokers were constantly being discovered, and were granted licences to put them on the right side of the law. For the alleged consumption of these elderly addicts a huge quantity of Persian opium of the highest morphine content was imported annually. The bulk of this was sold to notorious drug traffickers and smuggled into China for the extraction of morphine. For years this traffic feathered the nests of many high officials in the Government-General. Fraud on a monumental scale also brought the mammoth official Bank of Taiwan to the verge of bankruptcy.

Up to 1920 the post of Governor-General had been restricted to generals and admirals upon the active list. With the coming of the "liberal" 1920s, however, the regulations were amended to admit the appointment of civilians, two or three of whom actually filled the post. It is interesting to notice that corruption in the highest official circles was much more conspicuous during the so-called "liberal decade" in Japan, when civilians were admitted to the post of Governor-General than in the preceding militarist era which had endured since the annexation of Formosa in 1895. To some degree this may have been due to the greater adroitness of the generals and admirals in covering up their tracks, but the real explanation seems to be that with the appointment of civilians as Governors-General, Formosa became a prey to the pernicious spoils system of the Japanese political parties.

With the onset of "national emergency" after the Manchurian Incident, Formosa became an offensive-defensive outpost of high strategic importance and the system of military Governors-General was resumed. While it would be extravagant to suggest that the soldiers and sailors who governed Formosa were guilty of pampering the natives, they were efficient and, according to their own lights, just administrators, and the island never suffered under militarist oppression to the same degree as Korea suffered under Count Terauchi and General Hasegawa, or Manchoukuo throughout its miserable history. Until the Pacific war, at least, the record of the Japanese navy was less sullied by inhumanity than that of the army, and it may be the predominantly naval Governors-General of Formosa raised the administrative level.

As an illustration of the extension of the *pax japonica* to Formosa and of their unwarlike disposition, Japanese officials were wont to point with pride to the fact that the Formosan garrison consisted of

more than six battalions. They did not think it necessary to add that the police force numbered twenty thousand men, a ratio of one police officer to every hundred and seventy-five Formosans. Small wonder, perhaps, that the criminal record of the islanders was so exemplary. The stern lessons of twenty-five years had taught them that crime rarely paid. Indeed, to incur so much as the shadow of suspicion conjured up in the mind of the unhappy suspect visions of the water torture or lighted cigarettes placed between the toes. Nor were the prospects of law-breaking without detection promising under such constant police surveillance. No aspect of the domestic life of the native could remain concealed from the inquisitive eyes of the police, and every Formosan was encouraged to spy upon his fellow-villagers.

On the whole the Japanese in the colonies were unprepossessing specimens of their race, upon whom the dignity of the *Uebermensch* with a subject people at beck and call did not sit gracefully. The men were often vicious and dishonest, the women slatternly and lazy. Even the little girls, usually so pleasing to the eye in their homeland, lost their attractions when dressed up in "foreign frocks of crude pinks and blues below which showed a deep fringe of Swiss lace-trimmed underwear of dubious cleanliness." Those Japanese not employed by the colonial Government (and be it noted at salaries far higher than they could have hoped to earn in Japan), were merchants, clerks, foremen, petty shopkeepers and the like. Since subordinate positions in official and civil life could have been filled with equal efficiency and at lower wages by Formosans, many of these Japanese were economic parasites. Moreover, many of their occupations would not have borne too close a scrutiny.

Apart from these blemishes, Formosa of the Japanese was indeed a bright jewel in the imperial diadem, a colonial masterpiece comparing favourably with those of European powers in the Far East, in which the ruling race had every reason to feel pride. It was a constant source of surprise to me that a nation so propaganda-conscious as the Japanese should not have made more intensive efforts to display their model colony to the world. It would not have been difficult, for instance, to create a hill station in the superb Formosan mountains which would have attracted a constant stream of visitors from the China ports, Hongkong and Japan. But, apart from isolated instances such as the quasi-royal progress arranged for Mr. Bigelow, nothing whatever was done to attract the lucrative and politically advantageous foreign tourist traffic, and after the Manchurian Incident it was actually discouraged. The enterprising few who did penetrate to the island, braving a sea voyage across monsoon-torn seas, found that their footsteps were dogged by police spies from the moment of landing, and that, once beyond the capital city of Taihoku, they must live in Japanese inns, eat Japanese food and sleep upon the floor. For these discomforts and annoyances, however, they could, if so minded, find ample compensation in expeditions to the exquisite Takkiri Gorge, to Ari-san with its forests of giant red cedar, to the Lake of the Sun and Moon, or in the ascent of Mount Morrison's thirteen thousand feet. Any one of these expeditions afforded magnificent mountain scenery and an insight into the life of some of the aboriginal tribes. And in the course of his journeys the traveller could not fail to note with admiration the well-regulated railway service, the lush green of the paddy fields growing *horai* rice to suit the fastidious palates of the Japanese, the modern sugar mills of the south, the great

forestry enterprise on Ari-san, the power station on the Lake of the Sun and Moon which was to provide cheap hydro-electric power for the whole island. He would note, too, the unwonted cleanliness and order of the Formosan villages. He might suspect the iron hand under the velvet glove, but it would not be forced unnecessarily upon his attention. And he would leave the island more than a little impressed with the Japanese colonial achievement.

P. A. BUTLER.

BIRDS IN THE CAMARGUE.

THE Camargue, where Flamingos fly in thousands, beavers breed, wild boar haunt the thickets and polecats abound, is less than six hundred miles from the heart of London. A visiting naturalist may also expect to see, if he goes in the spring, "*des énormes plaires énormes*" of Montpellier's Snake and the smaller Aesculapian—both fine beasts. The former occasionally reaches a length of six and a half feet, while specimens more than five feet long are said to be not uncommon. Here, too, the magnificent Eyed or Ocellated Lizard is found in the drier places, where it shelters in rabbit-holes. In the breeding season the male Eyed Lizard is brilliantly coloured, its green or olive back being adorned with a number of blue spots with black edges, the "eyes" from which this lizard, which may reach a length of two feet, gets its name.

The Camargue consists of enormous lagoons of brackish water, great arid salt-soaked plains, extensive reed-beds and smaller areas of fresh water. Lying at the mouth of the Rhône, it is an avian junction of international importance. An astonishing number of species take this, the direct route, through the central mountains of France. Even were it not a focal point for the vast tide of migration that sweeps northwards in the spring, it would enjoy at least a European reputation for the variety of birds that breed there: Bee-Eaters, Purple Herons, Little Egrets, Pratincoles, Red-crested Pochards, Avocets and Flamingos, to mention but a few. Even a fleeting glimpse of so wonderful a place is an event in the life of an ornithologist, for he can see there on every side birds that in the British Isles are but the rarest vagrants. The Camargue, however, is being developed as a rice-growing district, perhaps as quickly as men and machines become available; while large areas have already been set aside for the evaporation of water and the collection of salt. Neither of these industries need prove disastrous if kept within bounds. Indeed they may even add to the amenities from the birds' point of view, but unfortunately the chances of a rational development are remote. Once again Man is clearly doing to-day, for the briefest economic advantage, something that he will wish but will be unable to undo to-morrow.

Our visit, during the inside of an August day, was indeed memorable. We had reached the delightful old town of Arles late the night before. It is there that the Rhône divides in two, embracing between its arms this, the last great area of unreclaimed marshland in Western Europe north of the Pyrenees. As we drove south from Arles in the morning in the shimmering heat, ditches filled with reeds began to appear on either side of the road, separating us from the neighbouring vineyards that were black with grapes. Suddenly, over one of these ditches, we came upon our first really large swarm of big dragonflies. If we had not

Actually arrived, obviously we were on the fringes of the Camargue. Hereafter, however, things happened so quickly that for some hours we wandered about without any thought of going in a particular direction.

As we stopped to look at the dragonflies, two birds, not unlike greenish-blue jays with chestnut backs, demanded our attention. They were in a field dotted over with neat piles of manure on which they sat and from which they flew up into the air or down on to the ground in pursuit of insects. Their shape and colour proclaimed them as Rollers, so-called because in its spring display the male, rising to a height, tumbles and somersaults through the air. We walked along the reed-filled ditch, and a moment later, through our binoculars, saw the brilliant turquoise-blue wing feathers which are more or less hidden when the bird perches. Contrasting with the black wing-tips, the chestnut mantle and the greenish-blue body, these feathers make a bird well able to hold its own in the dazzling company of its relatives. For despite its rather corvine appearance, the Roller belongs to the avian order that includes the Hoopoes, the Kingfishers and the Bee-Eaters.

As we watched, the first of these flew over, the rounded black and white wings, the strange inconsequential flight telling us at once that this was a Hoopoe before we had seen, as the bird perched in a tree, the pinkish-brown body, the long curved bill and the striking black-tipped crest. We had seen a Hoopoe in England only a year or two before and might with luck expect to see there in time a Roller too. The next bird to appear, however, is in the dismal category of "two shot, one seen," so far as its status in the British Isles is concerned. We saw it in the sky, almost on the horizon, beyond the tree in which the Hoopoe sat. Through our field-glasses we could clearly make out a great creamy white bird with straight black-tipped wings and a wedge-shaped tail, which could only have been an Egyptian Vulture. This and the very much larger Griffon-Vulture nest in the mountains over which we had made our way the day before. Unfortunately we did not get a closer view of this magnificent flyer.

As we got back into the car my eye was caught by two little Tree Frogs clinging, one just above the other, to the vertical stem of a tall reed-mace. They were in the shade and were a deep green, while a third, sitting close by in a patch of sunlight, was very pale, in fact, almost yellow. We found it possible to cut the reed to which they clung and to carry them about without disturbing them, so long as they were able to retain their upright position. Directly the reed was tilted, however, these fascinating little frogs began to look about them for another perch. It appeared that my wife's nose fulfilled their immediate requirements, for twice they jumped on to it, clinging firmly with their clammy little toes. Put back on to a growing reed they made themselves as long and as thin as possible and, without further movement, once more practically vanished, so perfectly did they blend with their surroundings. We wondered how many more little frogs, that we had not seen, were peeping at us through the reeds.

After this delightful interlude we drove on in search of birds. Notice-boards along the road drew our attention to yet another major threat to the Camargue; nearly everywhere we seemed to be trespassing on someone's private shooting. All that was soon forgotten, however, as, rounding a corner, we came across a crowd of Little Egrets, Black-Winged Stilts and Avocets wading in shallow water, while beyond them

two or three Marsh-Harriers sailed majestically above the reed-bed that stretched away to the horizon. Apart from the distant Harrier it was predominantly a study in black and white, punctuated here and there by the rose-pink legs of the Stilts. It was difficult to decide which to look at first, but I turned my glasses on to an Egret, a very beautiful pure white little Heron with a black bill and black legs. It was the largest and, so far as one's chances of seeing it in Britain are concerned, the rarest bird present. The Avocet, which has just returned to breed again in East Anglia after an interval of a hundred years, was easily, I think, the daintiest of the three, with its snowy plumage marked with black, its slender up-curved bill and its long blue-green legs. The Black-Winged Stilt, with its pied plumage, is also dainty and beautiful, but its legs are astonishing, of such inordinate length that the bird really does seem to walk, as its name implies, not on legs but on stilts. In flight the legs project six or seven inches beyond the tail in a rigid pink line.

From black and white we went by chance to the other extreme apart from a few minutes with a Purple Heron. For we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by Bee-Eaters, the most brilliantly coloured of all European birds. Yet as twenty circled overhead, uttering their strange liquid notes, we saw no more than a hint of gold. Being blue underneath they were naturally not conspicuous against a blue sky, nor in their coat of many colours could they compete with the Roller in which one colour, occupying as it does so large an area of the body, is conspicuous from afar. It was not until one of the Bee-Eaters flew down to perch in a tree by the roadside that we saw the bird in all its glory. Even the bare mention of the main colours, however, without reference to the many intergradations or possible kaleidoscopic changes as the angle of the light varied, reads as if it were a colour catalogue rather than the description of a bird. The first thing that struck us was the bright yellow throat, separated by a narrow black band from the metallic blue—in some lights green—breast and underparts. This conjunction of blue and yellow was still further enhanced by a crimson eye. Through the eye and continuing the line of the long black bill ran a strip of black and above that one of blue, edged green. The top of the head and the back were a deep rich chestnut-maroon, merging into gold and then to green. The tail itself, with the two central feathers projecting beyond the rest, was dark green with blue edges. Add to this flashes of flame-red, black and white—and the picture is still not complete, for the bird truly begs description.

After half an hour with these wonderful birds, we drove on to one of the larger salt water lagoons. It was now within an hour or two of sunset and we had still to find the Flamingos. We drove past acres of scrubby Salicornia, or Marsh Samphire, growing in the more salty areas, and great drifts of Statice, or Sea Lavender. In places the lavender carried one's eyes across a purple-blue carpet of flowers to the sand over which, in a little while, we were walking towards the water. An occasional patch of pink feathers encouraged the hope that we were going in the right direction. We arrived just in time to see an immense number of Flamingos crossing the lagoon. Flying between us and the sun they looked black, as in a long undulating skein of birds they flew just above the water, their enormously long legs and necks fully extended. But as they reached the shallow water on the other side and turned to settle the sun caught them. An entire bay, five miles from where we stood and previously looking brown, changed suddenly to

the purest pink. The most exciting scene of all the day still awaited us. When some minutes later we approached the flock, a great roar smote our ears, a strange goose-like babble of sound. Long lines of birds, still diving, flew towards us across the water, looking palest pink at first until, as they turned to fly along the shore, their magnificent wing-coverts flashed scarlet while their flight feathers stood out black. A forest of deep pink legs and pale pink necks, running for hundreds of yards along the shore, added to the whole astounding spectacle. We could see the extraordinary down-bent bills, pink with black tips. Some birds were feeding with their heads beneath the surface and the crown of their heads presumably resting almost on the sandy bottom. And so, with their fantastic bills in their normal working—that is, inverted—position, they sieved about in the cloudy water for the crustaceans and the other small creatures that had been driven from their hiding places by the trampling of thousands of feet. Here then was our final impression of the Camargue, this great host of birds, at least six to eight thousand strong—each one some fifty inches long—flushing ever pinker as the sun sank in the sky.

BERNARD GOOCH.

CAPTAIN COOK.

THE New Zealand Government has approved a grant of £3,000 to the Hakluyt Society to assist the production of a definitive edition of the full text of Captain Cook's journals with variant readings of different manuscripts, introductions and notes, and it will rank as the most authoritative edition of the great sailor's writings. A New Zealander, Dr. J. C. Beaglehole, will edit the first and third volumes and Dr. J. A. Williamson the second. The fourth volume will comprise background studies by experts. Another New Zealander, Dr. J. W. Davidson, of Cambridge, will be general liaison editor in England.

It was on a spring morning just over a century and a half ago that some members of a tribe of Maoris, the people whom the white men found there when they arrived, and who had migrated to New Zealand in the Middle Ages from the islands of the Pacific, were astonished and awed at the sight which met their gaze. A gigantic "bird," so it seemed, the like of which they had never seen on land or sea, was "flying" towards them with its huge wings outspread. Then it seemed to pause in its flight and "an unfledged young one"—as the Maoris described it—put out from the side of the mother bird and made for the shore. To their amazement it proved to be a boat of a kind strange to them, completely different from their war canoes, and it was filled with men (or gods) with pale faces and curious dress. Amazement gave place to terror when the crash of a volley of musket balls echoed over their heads, but they were unhurt, as it was Cook's policy to gain the friendship of the native peoples wherever he went. For the day in question was that memorable one on which Captain Cook, greatest of all British navigators and forerunner of hundreds of thousands of his countrymen who have made those southern islands a second Britain, landed in New Zealand. He was then engaged on the first of those three daring voyages during which he carried the flag of England to the utmost limits of navigation in the North; beyond the Antarctic Circle in the South (and he was the first to cross the limits of the southern temperate

zone); became the real discoverer of Australia and the first man to survey its fertile coasts, proving it a fit home for the white race; and mapped the coasts of New Zealand so accurately that his charts have been used until the present day. The same is true of the Commonwealth, for the Royal Australian Navy is only now re-charting some of the stretches originally surveyed by Cook.

One glance at his portrait, with the fine brow, the kindly, penetrating eyes, the powerful nose, the firm lips, the resolute chin, above all the self-control and high intelligence manifest in the whole expression of the face, enables one to understand something of Cook's success. But besides possessing all the qualities necessary for command, an inspiring personal presence, and sagacity, decision and perseverance quite extraordinary, he knew that a commander must care for the health of his men. No detail was too small for him. Cook was a practical physician of genius; he conquered scurvy, and the result was that he won the love of those who served under him by his sympathy, kindness and unselfish care. Previous to his voyages expeditions had failed because of sickness and lack of provisions. After being two and a quarter years at sea Cook could write to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty "I have the satisfaction to say that I have not lost one man by sickness during the whole voyage." For himself he cared nothing, and was capable of undergoing the severest hardships, submitting as well to the coarsest and most unpalatable food when necessity demanded it.

Such was the character of the greatest of the maritime explorers in the long annals of the English race with its hosts of fine seamen, and to whose memory distinguished honours were paid by both British and foreign courts after his lamented death at the hands of the natives of Hawaii at the early age of fifty. Actually his early life seemed to hold out little promise of so world famous a career, for he was only the son of a Yorkshire farm labourer. The home of his boyhood was taken to pieces a few years back and transported to Australia, where it now stands in a Melbourne park. James Cook was born on October 28th 1728, at Marton Village, Cleveland, Yorkshire, and he was apprenticed to a village haberdashery store; but he felt the lure of the sea and joined a coasting vessel, trading between Whitby and London, where he learned the rudiments of his craft. With Messrs. Walker, shipowners he served in the Norway, Baltic and Newcastle trades, and remained in the merchant service for over a dozen years. From being the humblest member of the crew in time he rose to be mate, and it looked as if one day he might have his own vessel. But the press-gangs were abroad, and rather than be taken forcibly for service in the King's ships Cook decided to volunteer. He entered the Royal Navy as an able seaman, serving on board the warship *Eagle*, of sixty guns, which took part in many successful operations. His intelligence and diligence soon won the attention of his superiors, and that notable commander Sir Hugh Palliser recommended him for promotion. After four years' service he was given a captaincy.

He was employed in exploring and mapping the St. Lawrence and later Newfoundland, and he rendered great help to Wolfe's expedition to Quebec. His charts were the finest yet seen, and books of sailing directions he issued showed remarkable abilities. The young captain's notable skill in surveying quickly won the notice of the Royal Society and so when a captain was wanted for the *Endeavour*, which was to take several eminent men of science to the South Seas, Cook was appointed to the post. The voyage was a prosperous one for the most

art, the ship crossing the Pacific, while six months were spent mapping the coasts of New Zealand, although he could not penetrate inland with search parties because of the hostility of the natives.

The ship then sailed on to Australia, then known as New Holland, where he surveyed the whole of the east coast with minuteness and accuracy. Cook was the first white man to explore that coast in detail and he made astonishing discoveries. Previous explorers of the huge southern continent had brought back reports of the barren and forbidding nature of its northern and western shores. Cook found instead a beautiful country of plains and gently sloping hills covered with green woods. Indeed, the east coast reminded him so much of the islands back home that he named it New South Wales and claimed it for the Crown. His landing at Botany Bay is renowned, and the place was so named because of the abundance of its plant life. The gallant navigator arrived in 1771, after a voyage of nearly three years, and just a year later he set out again on an expedition with the object of discovering whether or not there was a huge southern continent, which had been rumoured for over a century. The voyage took him to the Antarctic, where the circle was crossed for the first time in history on January 16th, 1773. Cook was thoroughness itself, for, sent to seek a mythical land, he went due south and sailed round the world to prove it did not exist. Three times in all he crossed the Antarctic Circle, for six weeks ploughing his way amid islands of ice, and finding a solid icefield, which rose in ridges like mountains as it receded. Time and time again his vessel was in imminent risk of destruction from floating ice, but he would not desist from his efforts until he was convinced that no continent lay in those far-off seas to the south-eastward of New Zealand.

Further exploration in the Pacific followed, including the first accurate determination of the position of Easter Island with its gigantic and mysterious statues, and then Cook returned homewards after a voyage rightly described as "one of the most fruitful voyages of discovery in the whole history of maritime enterprise." Honours were showered upon him; he was immediately raised to the rank of post-captain, he was appointed a captain of Greenwich Hospital, and soon afterwards he was unanimously elected a member of the Royal Society, receiving its gold medal. But he did not stay in England long and he soon volunteered for further service. For adventure called—there was one great tract of ocean, the North Pacific, which was still veiled in mystery. The British Government had taken up again the quest for the North-West Passage, and he was instructed to sail through the chain of islands he had discovered, on northwards, and then east in the hope of reaching the Atlantic. But his dream of success was unfulfilled, for north of the Bering Straits he was stopped by an impenetrable barrier of ice. He recorded: "I tried what could be done further out, but the same obstacles everywhere presented themselves quite over to the coast of Asia."

Therefore he returned to winter at Hawaii, intending to make a second attempt the next year. Cook had always won the friendship and respect of the natives by his wise and humane treatment, but while in the bay at Kealakekua there was a dispute over one of the ship's boats, which was stolen by them. Early next morning he landed in the hope of settling the matter, but a scuffle ensued. Cook had a party of marines with him, and they were compelled to retreat to the boats. The leader was the last to withdraw, and before he could reach safety he fell, stabbed through the back. So died the heroic sailor

who is still looked upon as the ideal type of explorer, the man who cared little about rewards, but who was prompted by a love of high adventure and who explored a greater length of coastline than any other man in English maritime history. No more splendid and glowing tribute was ever paid to him than that written in his log by Henry Robert, the officer in charge of the pinnace in which Captain Cook went ashore for the last time: "Such an able Navigator, equalled by few and excelled by none, justly styled father of his people from his great goodness, care and attention, honoured and beloved by those who knew or even heard of him."

JAMES E. CARVER.

FORECASTING THE WEATHER.

FORECASTING the weather may ultimately be a thing of the past, for recently from an aeroplane flying at 10,000 feet the clouds have been "charged," and thereby made to "pour forth rain." Weather reports of wet weather therefore in the not far distant future will be more of actual fact than forecast. Divination, or forecasting the future, has always greatly occupied the minds of men. It was practised in Egypt as early as the time of Joseph—it will be remembered that the cup found in Benjamin's sack was one used by Joseph for the purpose of making auguries.

In the early days of civilisation, after man had passed through the period of obtaining food by hunting, looking into the future was closely allied to forecasting the weather, for on the weather his very existence depended. Man became a shepherd, moving here and there with his flocks and herds wherever the grazing was most abundant. When the land became bare a move was necessary, and a return was only possible when the rains had revived the herbage. Suitable weather, therefore, if they were not to wander far into unknown lands, was of the utmost importance to the nomad tribes. No wonder we read in the Bible that the shepherds who tended their flocks by day and night looked anxiously at the rising and setting sun, for it is as true to-day as it was of old that a red sky at night is a shepherd's delight, and a red sky in the morning a shepherd's warning (Matt. xvi. 2,3). As a scientific explanation of weather usually travels from west to east; a red sunset indicates the absence of clouds and the presence of dry air to the west—hence the approach of fine weather. On the other hand, a red sky in the morning may be due to threatening clouds being illuminated from below. Fishermen, such as Our Lord's disciples on the shores of the Galilean Sea, who "cast their nets" for the sea's harvest, also gazed at the signs of the sky before braving the perils of the deep in frail boats.

It is, in fact, really extraordinary how expert the early Biblical people became at reading the sky, and how close they often came to the truth with regard to the various forces affecting the weather without any scientific data or meteorological aids. The wise patriarch Job wrote with accuracy: "Out of the south cometh the whirlwind; and cold out of the north." And on cloud formations and their aerial paths he reports: "Also by watering He wearieth the thick cloud; He scattereth His bright cloud. And it is turned round by His counsels; that they may do whatsoever He commandeth them upon the face of the world in the earth." This is exactly the theory of the now accepted and proved circular motion of storms. Later, when man became an agriculturist

and static town communities sprang up, the need for a good and regular food supply became greater than ever before. Though roughly constructed storage granaries were in early use, there were no tinned food factories or cold storages to help tide over gaps in supplies. At this period people lived from hand to mouth and very close to Mother Earth—there was never a food surplus, and if crops failed starvation stalked the land. In recent times the stock of grain in the world sunk to such a low ebb that only a few months' supply remained, and we were able to appreciate the awful shortages to which our ancestors were exposed.

Men were not long content with just watching the ever-changing skies for signs of weather change, and soon superstition became so strong that almost everything was an omen and weather portent. Unscrupulous soothsayers and oracles preyed on the gullibility and credulity of the simple and uneducated. There were people, too, who not only precast the weather but professed to be able to change it. "Rain-making" is in fact one of the oldest professions, and it is still practised by pseudo-"doctors" and scientists with varying techniques throughout the world to-day. Charka, the powerful African chief, allowed no rain doctor but himself to practise in his drought-stricken domains, and made a huge fortune at it. Throughout pagan times there was a belief and fear that mighty powers lived in the heavens. In Chaldeo-Babylonian beliefs there was a Triad which ruled the three zones of the universe—the heaven, by Anu; the surface of the earth and the atmosphere, by Bel; and the under world, by Nonah. Nonah is held to be both the same as the Assyrian Hea, or Saviour, and as the Noah of the Bible. So when Tiamat, the dragon, opens the fountains of the "great deep," and Anu "the windows of heaven," it is Hea, or Noah, who saves the life of man. But with the spreading of Christianity the Creator and the glory of God in the heavens was acknowledged.

Aristotle first put forward the theory that the weather and the wind's velocity and direction were closely connected with the changes. Very soon the winds were named in accordance with the conditions they were likely to bear before them—Boreas, the rough north wind, Zephyrus, the gentle west wind, and in Greece the south wind, Notus, which often brought rain, was symbolised pouring water out of a vessel. Noah, the first sailor, received a welcome forecast from the dove that the flood was subsiding; and much later, when man had taken the first steps in agriculture, "bird watching" became a means of foretelling weather, and persisted through the ages. This was at first merely to ascertain the seasons for sowing and other operations of husbandry. Before the pseudo-science of astrology had taken a grip on the imagination of the people, the habits of birds were no contemptible guide. When they began to pair and build nests, and the migratory species to return, it was indicative of spring and the coming of summer. And when the birds disappeared and were no more seen, it was known that winter was near. At the time of the foundation of Rome the superstitious beliefs of the Romans had grown to such a pitch that they actually established a College of Augurs (the members of which were some of the most distinguished and privileged men in the State), to observe the flight of birds on all occasions of importance. The Roman legions were often at war, and it was essential to start a big offensive in fine weather, just as it is in modern warfare.

So slowly, as the years and the clouds rolled by, weather forecasting became an admixture of pagan superstition, astrology and honest study

by learned and devout men seeking the true light ; the weather lore that evolved was often completely inaccurate, but often it bordered the truth. People of old were always mystified and intrigued by the wonders of nature, and as the study of beasts, birds and insects became more intensified, the superstitious beliefs and omens pertaining to the largely gave way to hard and proven facts. Through the Dark and Middle Ages and onwards to the seventeenth century " animal weather forecasts " were practically the only true guides to the weather. The erudite Francis Bacon in his *Sylva Sylvarum* tried to make people weatherwise to the changeable English climate : " Beasts do take comfort in a moist air ; and it maketh them eat their meat better, and therefore sheep will get up betimes in the morning to feed against the Rain, and Cattle and Deer and Coneys will feed before rain. Worms, Vermin, etc., likewise do foreshow Rain ; for Earth worms do come forth, and Moles will cast up more and Fleas bite more against Rain." All these are well weathered facts as true to-day as when the great storm scattered the Armada.

Before the invention of the barometer, leeches kept in jars were a reliable substitute. At the Great Exhibition of 1851 a man, appropriately named Merryweather, showed an ingenious apparatus in which leeches kept in bottles rang a bell as a " gale warning." These sensitive creatures not only forecast storms but reacted to fine weather by lying curled up in the water at the bottom of the jars. As the weather deteriorated the creatures rose to the top, and remained there till conditions settled. Wind storms were indicated by the leeches swimming round energetically. It was seriously proposed that coastguard " leech warning " posts should be set up all round the coasts of Britain.

In the light of modern inventions it is a great pity that man did not study the flight of bats as thoroughly as he watched that of birds. It is true that the classical scholar and farmer Virgil wrote that " bats squeak before the coming of rain," but we have only discovered in contemporary times that these, the only flying mammals, use a radar system. As the bat flies it sends out high-pitched supersonic waves, these echo back from obstructions ahead, and are received by a sensitive apparatus carried on the creature's ears or on the nose. Thus the animal, in spite of poor sight, can fly with perfect safety in the poorest evening light. Had we known this before, the secret of radar, that has done more than anything else towards accurate weather forecasting, might have been ours years ago. Before the war forecasting was based on surface weather charts only, but now with radar it is possible to track and plot thunderstorms accurately, the movement of clouds, and to measure the depth of the trough depressions between them. In 1947 a network of ocean radar weather ships was inaugurated in the Atlantic and these have proved a valuable aid in forecasting the weather as it comes to us from the west.

Man's efforts at weather forecasting have now gone the full circle. The recent experiment carried out by a Wellington aircraft in which a cloud was made to drop rain within five minutes was well named " Operation Witchcraft." But in these times of scientific and meteorological progress we should not cease to take delight in the opening of a scarlet pimpernel as a sure sign of a sunny day ahead, or in the white brightness of stars before a frost in winter. There is a delight too for the eye in the changing of ripening corn to old gold as the grain swells in the humidity of a dull day, and in the poetical low sweep of swallows as they pursue the insects forced down by a heavily laden atmosphere. In these

simple pleasures there lies the true harvest that makes life worth living and gives us faith in the future, and a knowledge that "God's His heaven."

R. H. FERRY.

THE FATHER OF HISTORY.

HOW many could give the name of a woman who commanded a warship during one of the most important decisive naval battles in history, or know of a captain who deliberately sank a friendly ship during such an engagement in order to make sure of a way of escape, and far from being censured for such conduct rose considerably in the estimation of the commander-in-chief? Do you know that mine detectors were used by a besieged garrison about 2,500 years ago, and that the Persian oilfields were being exploited even before that? These and hundreds of other interesting facts are contained in one of the most entertaining books ever written, that of Herodotus, known as the Father of History. He lived in the fifth century B.C., and his writings prove that history need not be the uninteresting collection of dates and events which so plagued my schooldays.

To return to our lady sea-captain. After Xerxes had defeated the Greeks at Thermopylæ, he decided, as Hitler did about twenty-five centuries later, that in order to maintain and develop his hold in Europe he must obtain mastery of the sea. So the Persian fleet engaged the Greeks off Salamis and suffered a decisive defeat. Thus the gallant stand of the Spartans at the Pass was not in vain, and the hordes of Asia were prevented from overrunning Europe for the time being. The lady in question was Artemisia, Queen of Halicarnassus, which was famous for the tomb of Mausolus, and was the birthplace of our historian. She furnished five ships for Xerxes' fleet, one of which she commanded herself. During the rout which followed defeat she was chased by a Greek trireme, so she deliberately ran down and sank a ship commanded by Damasithymus, King of Calyndia, one of the Persian allies. She did this in order to make her rapidly overtaking opponent think that he was chasing a Greek vessel. The ruse worked more successfully than her expectations, for not only did her pursuer give up the chase, thinking that he had made a mistake and that Artemisia must be one of his own side, as she had sunk a Persian ship, but Xerxes, who witnessed the incident, naturally concluded that the sunken vessel was Greek, and so Artemisia went up considerably in his estimation. Whether the crew of the Calyndian ship shared his views is not known, for none survived.

Herodotus was the first to record the use of that most important of modern defensive weapons, the mine detector. Moreover, they were employed in a country where they proved so useful in the last war, Libya. The Persians were besieging Barca, but as they had made no progress after nine months they tunnelled in several places from their own lines under the walls of the city. Their efforts, however, were discovered by one of the besieged garrison, a brass-smith, who went round the defences with a brazen shield, laying it on the ground and striking it. If the answer was a dull sound the ground underneath was solid, but if the shield rang loud and clear there was a mine below. In such places the Barceans counter-mined, much to the annoyance of

the Persian diggers. In these days when fuel oil (or the lack of it) is of paramount importance, it is interesting to note that Herodotus mentions the existence of the Persian oilfields. Close to the city of Susa (which was near the present Basra) was a well which produced bitumen, salt and oil. The liquid was drawn up in half a wine-skin and then poured into shallow settling tanks. The salt and bitumen hardened and the oil was drawn off into casks. He tells us that it was called "rhadinacé," and that it was black and had an unpleasant smell, but unfortunately does not mention what it was used for.

Referring to the British Isles, he was pretty sure that they did not exist at all, for talking of tin and amber he says that "of all the extremities of Europe towards the west I cannot speak with certainty; for I do not allow that there is any river emptying itself into the northern sea, whence, as the tale goes, amber is procured: nor do I know of any islands called the Cassiterides, whence comes the tin which we use. Though I have taken vast pains, I have never been able to get an assurance from an eye-witness that there is any sea on the farther side of Europe. Nevertheless, tin and amber certainly come to us from the ends of the earth."

If he doubted the existence of our islands, and that there was "any sea on the farther side of Europe," he could tell us that one encompassed Africa, which fact was proved true many centuries later when the seamen of Prince Henry the Navigator rounded that continent in search of the fragrant and long-desired Spice Islands. Apparently Necôs, King of Egypt, dispatched a number of Phœnician vessels from the Red Sea, with orders to make for the Pillars of Hercules and return home via the Mediterranean. The ships took their departure and sailed into an unknown southern ocean. When autumn came the crews landed wherever they happened to be, and sowing a tract of land with corn waited until it was fit for harvest. Having reaped it, they set sail again, and continued in this fashion until the third year of their voyage, when they passed the Straits of Gibraltar and so got safely back. "On their return home they declared," says Herodotus, "—I for my part do not believe them, but perhaps others may—that in sailing round Libya [Africa] they had the sun upon their right hand. In this way was the extent of Libya first discovered." He may be pardoned for doubting the possibility of the sun bearing north, for all the civilisations of Europe and Asia were situated well up in the Northern hemisphere, and except when rising or setting in midsummer the sun was always south of the prime vertical. In fact, there was only one ancient civilisation in the whole world, the Inca Empire, which could view a noonday sun to the northward.

Returning to the exploration of Africa, he tells us of a people (the Nasamonians) which inhabited a part of modern Libya. Certain "wild young men of the tribe, sons of chiefs, when they came to man's estate, indulged in all manner of extravagances, and among other things drew lots for five of their number to go and explore the desert parts of Libya and try if they could not penetrate farther than any had done previously." They set out in a south-westerly direction, and after a difficult and hazardous journey came to a region of vegetation, where they were captured by "some dwarfish men, under middle height. These led them across extensive marshes and finally to a town where all the men were of the same stature as their capturers and black complexioned. A great river, infested with crocodiles, flowed by the town

inning from west to east. Herodotus surmises that this was the source of the Nile, a theory which was accepted for many centuries, but eventually it was proved to be the upper reaches of the Niger, in the region of the present-day Timbuktu, after passing which the river turns southward and then south to reach the Atlantic. The "wild young men" returned to their tribe, and are entitled to share with Mungo Park the credit for having discovered the beginnings of the Niger.

Now for a description of a "gold rush" in both senses of the term. The historian tells us that the desert parts north of India were infested by "great ants, in size somewhat less than dogs, but bigger than foxes." They threw up large anthills, and the sand which composed them was full of gold dust. The Indians who went to collect this gold rode female camels which had just dropped their young, and timed their arrival for the most sultry part of the day, when the ants were hiding below ground to escape the heat. Quickly filling their bags with sand, these ancestors of the "Forty-niners" hastily mounted their camels and made for home with all possible speed, having a small start over the ants, who were emerging to see what the trouble was. Now started the "rush" part of the proceedings, the camels hurrying to get back to their young, the Indians anxious to escape the vengeance of the pursuing ants, and the latter eager to overtake the destroyers of their homes. What a race it must have been, and what ants! Among other strange animals, mostly real, but some fictitious, which Herodotus mentions are Arabian "sheep worthy of admiration, the like of which is nowhere else to be seen, that have long tails, which if they are allowed to trail on the ground would be bruised and fall into sores. As it is, all the shepherds know enough of carpentering to make little trucks for their sheep's tails. The trucks are placed under the tails, each sheep leaving one to himself, and the tails are then tied down upon them." No doubt the last line of the Arabian version of the nursery rhyme Bo-Peep runs: "with their tails on trucks behind them."

Hundreds more interesting passages could be quoted from this most entertaining of all history books—how Herodotus inspected the skeletons remaining on a field of battle and found that the Persian skulls were so weak that they could be broken with a pebble, whereas those of the Egyptians were too thick to be fractured even when struck with a large stone. The explanation, he concludes, is that "the Egyptians from early childhood have their heads shaved, and so by the action of the sun the skull becomes thick and hard. The same cause prevents baldness in Egypt, where you see fewer bald men than in any other land." How certain Libyans, when their children were four years old, burnt the veins at the temples and on top of their heads, in order to prevent them in after life being "plagued by a flow of rheum from the head." If the children had convulsions during this painful operation they were sprinkled with goat's urine, when they were "sure to recover." So I should imagine, for, from the discomfort I have experienced in a goat's company, I should say the remedy was worse than that which it cured.

One cannot do better than round off with some advice on how not to try to create a favourable impression on a prospective father-in-law. Cleisthenes, King of Sicyon, was anxious to find a suitable husband for his daughter, so he invited all the eligible young men of good family to come and be considered for that position. He kept them hanging round for a year, during which he "made trial of their manly bearing, their temper, their accomplishments and their dispositions, but the greatest trial of all was at the banquet table." Apparently Hippocleides

was a hot favourite, but he became over-confident, and as the drink got heavier after the feast he called for a flute player and performed *pas seul*. He fancied he had done it pretty well, too, but Clisthenes thought otherwise. After a pause in which to lower another beaker of Samian wine, Hippoclides called for a table and repeated his dance on that, in the manner of an Edwardian actress. Then, as a final (for doubtless the runners-up, noting how rapidly he was gaining the disapproval of the bride's father, were vigorously urging him on), "He stood on his head on the table and began to toss his legs about." This was too much for Clisthenes, who cried out: "Son of Tisander, thou hast danced away thy wife." "What does Hippoclides care?" was the reply, which became a proverb. That was his only reward, for the second favourite (who probably had been foremost in calling for an encore) got the prize.

R. C. HOLMES.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AN UNPROMISING TASK.

TO those who, fortunately for themselves, are able to take a detached view of events, one of the interesting speculations is to wonder how long the Soviet rulers will be able to harmonise two objectives which are essentially incompatible: namely to subdue or to canalise the thoughts of their subjects and yet not to stifle the minimum of intelligence which is necessary for the carrying out of the rulers' own purposes. After more than a generation of trial and error this particular dilemma has grown to such proportions that it claims attention in Moscow at what the political jargon calls "the top level." The emergence, after so long a training, of the type of subject who feels lost if he has to think for himself, who is happy only if he be told at the time what precisely he must do and what opinions he must hold, who, in short, has degenerated into a human monstrosity, a robot who needs to be mechanised all the time; this type of human product is an embarrassment to the materialist mind that planned and produced it.

For instance, it is necessary constantly to recruit the ranks of those intellectuals who administer the educational system planned to the end, but they themselves are afraid to do or to say anything that might offend the hidden authority at the top may take exception to, with a disastrous consequence to the luckless offender. Nearly three years ago, in the summer of 1947, an attempt was made to combine the two impossible objectives by organising a band of available intellectuals into an instrument of education for the masses and yet to prevent any originality of thought on their part. It was called a "voluntary society of intellectuals with honourable tasks" (the meaning and scope of the epithets "voluntary" and "honourable" being prescribed and imposed from above). After nearly three years of trial the experiment has produced new problems rather than solved the old one. The unfortunate individuals chosen as the members of the voluntary and honourable society had no alternative but to accept and submit, because in the Soviet Union the exercise of free will is restricted to the "voluntary" acceptance of orders from above, just as the "democratic" choice of an electorate is restricted to the enforced voting for the only candidate made available to them.

But in practice the intellectuals who in this instance were bidden

instance, to give lectures, did all they could, and often succeeded, dodging the duty by claiming that they were otherwise engaged; engaged, that is, on other important work imposed upon them by the Government authority. Such an excuse has been found by the Government to be unanswerable because it always happens to rest on the true facts of the matter. A scientist who is engaged, at of course the Government's own behest, on atomic research cannot be expected, and is in fact debarred, from accepting the invitation of S. I. Vavilov to give a public lecture in a far-away town on "scientific atheism." In the scheme above alluded to Mr. Vavilov is the president of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences, who has been put in charge of some seventy leading scientists, constituted into the Society for the Dissemination of Political and Scientific Knowledge, whose job is to propagate science for the enlightenment, along the prescribed lines, of universities, schools, newspapers and broadcasting. One of the truths thus prescribed for the propaganda is that communism and religion are incompatible (which happens, by the way, to be true) on the ground that religion is anti-scientific (which happens not to be true). This voluntary society of intellectuals was conceived on the grand scale. It has nearly a hundred branch centres, over three thousand lecture centres, putting out (as one month's record showed) about six thousand lectures a week. The text of the lectures, no doubt "vetted" before and after, is published on a corresponding scale, some 500 pamphlets running to more than 30 million copies having already been published and distributed, on every imaginable subject—pure and applied science, economics, law, philosophy, war, international affairs, medicine, education, literature, art and so on. The exponents thus find themselves in a fierce glare of publicity, liable themselves to be exposed for such minor ideological heresies or misrepresentations of facts as may have gone undetected in the "vetting" aforesaid. It is not surprising that the intellectuals of Russia, expected to lead while themselves being led, try to wriggle out of their own dilemma, which is incidental to their Government's wider dilemma. (Some details of the Soviet experiment that began in 1947 are given in the March number of *The World Today*, published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, pp. 98-100.)

Another example of the general Russian dilemma is to be found in the results of the traditional communist doctrines about "marriage." In the early bolshevik days marriage of the Christian kind was abolished; neither sacrament nor any religious ceremony was involved, and it became the fashion not to hold any ceremony at all nor to enter into any sort of formal contract. The parents, according to the bolshevik "philosophy," were not responsible for bringing up their offspring. The State undertook the care of children. Indeed, children, common with all other beings and things, were regarded as the property of the State. To-day, after a generation's experience of so unnatural a practice, violated Nature is hitting back. The State schools are so crowded with illegitimate or abandoned children, depending upon the State for their sustenance, that the demand upon the resources of the organisation has become too big. It cannot be met. Faced with the results of their own doctrine, hoist with their own petard, reaping the Nemesis of their own ungodliness, these unnatural bolsheviks have been driven to reverse, or to try and reverse, their own policy. The revised doctrine that is now promulgated is in its main outline a version (except for the religious content) to the old principles that

had been abandoned : namely that the parents are responsible for the care of their children, that the home and the family are the birthright of the children, that marriage is the right instrument of welfare and happiness, that irregularity in such matters leads to chaos for the State and misery for the individual.

In other words the leaders of bolshevic Russia, of atheist materialists have been driven by their own experience in one province of the practice to revert to the original truth taught by Christ and practised in Christian civilisation, or at any rate to revert to the outward form of such a truth. They still preach atheism, still ignore the sacramental basic sanction of family life, and hope to regain the practical advantage (without making the essential provision for it) of family life as the sound foundation of national life. They are trying to have their cake and to eat it. Just as in the case of the scientific dilemma above referred to, so in the case of the elementary circumstance of human life, the bolsheviks have brought themselves sharply against the infallible and impregnable conditions of life that are laid down by the very Creator of these things, conditions that cannot be defied by the self-sufficient planners except to the confusion and destruction of the planners themselves.

In the Christian Churches we pray for Russia. We have prayed for Russia through the long years when we have seen her cruel empire spread and her unholy ideology take root. Or so it seemed. The firmness, patience and confidence of the faithful are bound sooner or later to be justified and rewarded, because infallible Nature herself, the star as it were, in their courses, work for the conversion of Russia. The bolsheviks have declared war upon facts, upon the unchanging essence of Nature, and they have already found, or are already engaged in finding, that to embark upon an impossible task is the adventure of foolish men. The conversion of Russia back to God (whose dispensation includes the gift of common sense) is as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun, or as any other natural process.

THE REALIST ASPECT OF IDEALISM.

It is the duty of ordinarily sensible people to devote themselves in the meantime to the part they are called upon to play in the process of expediting the outcome, for God's miracles are often effected through human agency. It is clear that the minds of men and women in the West are exercised in this sense. Mr. Churchill during the recent election campaign renewed the suggestion that a direct approach be made to Russia in an attempt to ward off the unthinkable calamity of atomic war. Senator Mahon, chairman of the Congressional Atomic Energy Committee, has suggested in the United States Senate (March 1st last) that the Western Powers should promptly organise what he exaltedly called a "mighty crusade for peace," and that a meeting of the United Nations General Assembly should be convened to consider again the problem of world atomic control, and should meet—in Moscow. A bold proposal. Now many approaches have been made to Russia in the past five years. Their consistent failure has been due to the consistent refusal by Russia to be bound in honour by any agreement entered into (in form) by herself. Should the method of adding scrap of paper to scraps of paper be persisted in, no matter how grim be the tale of waste, until Russia be converted? Or would the more effective method be to let Russia stew, as it were, in her own godless juice until the miracle be vouchsafed through her own disillusion?

There might perhaps be a combination of the two methods, provide

the method of another direct approach in the diplomatic sense be tempered with realism on the part of the Western Powers. The danger of foolish paper agreements with Russia is that they are a temptation and an encouragement to Russia to go on stealing marches. The realistic safeguard against such a danger would be the sort of arrangement sketched in last month's CONTEMPORARY REVIEW (pp. 185-6), whereby Russia would be invited to accept not a paper undertaking but the working establishment in Russia, as in the other countries concerned, of a disarmament commission empowered to inspect and find out what is taking place, and to guarantee that atomic or other weapons are not in fact being made. With that practical precaution it would be possible to combine the exercise of common sense in other ways, to the end that Russia's subterranean exploits in the still non-communist part of the world be blocked. Such triumphs as that of Klaus Fuchs in the field of espionage are the proof that Western vigilance is not keen enough. In the Fuchs case the explanation partly was that between 1933 and 1945 it was the Nazi menace that monopolised the British Government's capacity for vigilance. It was only after that menace had been removed that the Russian menace, though it had stared us in the face, was taken seriously. But to concoct an elaborate system of secrecy and to put an iron curtain round the Harwell Atomic Research Establishment, while installing inside, and at the top of the working staff, a man known to be a communist—could common sense be more unnecessarily violated? For the spy to be naturalised as a British subject was a master stroke on the part of the spy, not so clever from the British point of view. The only fact that ought to have had weight in the British mind was that Fuchs was known from the beginning to be a communist. His scientific attainments were part of his equipment, intended for use not for British but for Russian ends. The British authorities fell into the trap set for them.

No progress can be made towards established peace until the West decides to block these communist inroads. Is it not yet appreciated in the West that communists the world over are agents of the Kremlin? Or that such agents are no more bound or bindable in honour than are their masters? The spectacle of Mr. Fuchs signing the usual obligation of secrecy and oath of loyalty at Harwell no doubt tickled Mr. Stalin's steely sense of humour. The secrecy was well kept by Mr. Fuchs, but not in the sense prescribed in the oath submitted to him by Whitehall. At the Central Criminal Court on March 1st a lot of modern science was talked about Mr. Fuchs's character as a "controlled schizophrenic." If there is any sense at all in this scientific stuff about split minds, the real schizophrenic in this case was the British Government, which in the one part made desperate arrangements to prevent information from reaching Moscow, and in the other part opened up all the information to an agent of Moscow. This is not an isolated case. At this very moment the British Government at its own expense is training hundreds of self-advertising communists, members of the Communist Party, to be teachers in our schools. If there is to be an approach to Moscow in the sense of a mighty crusade of peace, which implies an honourable rôle on Russia's part, why gratuitously present temptations to Russia to be dishonourable by making it so easy for her to add victory to victory in her present trickeries? Must we expose the very children in our schools to the poison of atheist materialism administered indirectly from Moscow, and pay grants of money to enable the henchmen of Moscow to qualify for the job?

Common sense demands that firmness be shown in resisting Russian inroads into the foundations of Western civilisation, while holding open the gate to an accommodation, properly safeguarded, with Russia on the major question of peace. Such firmness is not incompatible with, but indispensable to, such an accommodation, for weakness merely encourages the aggressor. If it be known, as it is known, in the Kremlin that the British Government, while verbally repudiating and condemning communism, allows communists, and even pays them for it to spread Moscow's doctrines, the effect in Moscow is a temptation the more industriously to pursue the subversive object and to gain time by merely finessing with Western proposals for "peace." In this point of view President Truman was wise when at his Press conference of March 2nd he firmly announced that he would never go to Moscow while he was President of the United States, although when he ceased to be President he would like to go there "to see what the city looked like." He added that he had twice invited Mr. Stalin to come to Washington.

It would be wrong to conclude that President Truman was merely engaged in a childish competition with Mr. Stalin over a matter of personal prestige. In the diplomatic tradition such things have always been invested with symbolic importance. When Lord Haldane went to Berlin in 1912 and Mr. Neville Chamberlain to Munich in 1938, though the motive in both cases was an ardent desire for peace and in Mr. Chamberlain's case involved a deliberate pocketing of personal pride in the endeavour, yet there is no doubt that the motive was misunderstood by the war party of both the Kaiser's and Hitler's Germany, and the upshot tended to make the war rather more than less likely, even though in Mr. Chamberlain's case it undoubtedly delayed it and gained time. Can anyone doubt that if President Truman allowed himself to be persuaded into making a formal and official visit to Moscow with the avowed object of again seeking an agreement about atomic control, the world-wide excitement thereby aroused would be used in the Kremlin's high-gear propaganda as a first-class Russian victory in the cold war; propaganda, as we know only too well, that would be driven home without the chance of correction or counter-information behind the iron curtain?

Is it not obvious that the only wise procedure for the West would be to draw up unequivocally and with the widest publicity a scheme for international control and inspection of atomic activity, and add to it in advance the acceptance of all the Western Powers, conditionally upon its acceptance by Russia? In such a case there could be no possibility of misunderstanding in Moscow, nor any temptation on Moscow's part to steal a march, because the first result, essential to the scheme itself, would be the actual establishment in Moscow, as in the other capitals, of the operating commission. On so solid a foundation the psychological project of visits by President Truman to Moscow and by Mr. Stalin to Washington could be envisaged without the dangers above alluded to. It is the duty of the idealist to ensure the practical implications of his crusade. Common sense is the handmaid of idealism.

PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The confusions arising out of what is by now universally recognised to be a revolution, one of the great revolutions in history, its scope being world-wide, make it as yet too difficult for any observer, no matter how penetrating or astute be his mind, to foresee the probable outcome. That we have reached, or are approaching, a climax in the political

machinery of civilisation now seems to go without saying. If the main civilisation of the world as in our time we have known it, radiating from Europe—the United States being an offshoot of Europe—and based roughly on the rules of conduct deriving from Christianity, is to be reshaped in its material aspect to any radical degree, the interesting question, still to be answered, is how precisely the Christian motive in the human heart, which is divinely and therefore imperishably inspired, and cannot ever be eliminated, will react to the new circumstance? At this present time the fog is too thick, the muddles too many, for the imagination to pierce them. A cursory glance over the general scene, as it unfolds in every continent, merely confounds the confusion that is felt in every mind. Britain and France, close neighbours, tightly bound by their community of interest and outlook, present the odd contrast that whereas a general election has just removed all traces of open communism from the floor of the House of Commons at Westminster, the floor of the National Assembly in Paris has been the scene of violence and personal physical injury as the communists stormed the President's platform and made an assault upon the benches of the Right, so violent and uncontrollable being the disorder that M. Herriot, the President, was heard above the din (according to *The Times* correspondent in Paris) to exclaim: "I wonder if this does not mean the end of Parliament?" (March 3rd last).

In Italy as well as in France the communists seem to grow in strength, if one may judge by the noise and nuisance they make. The United States has been passing through a miners' strike which defied both the court and their own leaders, who twice ordered them unavailingly to go back to work. The general industry of the country was thus brought to the very brink of catastrophe, and President Truman on March 3rd asked Congress to give him authority "as quickly as possible" to seize and operate the mines. "Within a few days," he said, "we shall be virtually out of soft coal. The danger to national health and safety is real and immediate." Unless coal production was at once resumed, he gave warning that the consequences could not be averted of "human suffering and disastrous economic dislocation." In France strikes and sabotage at the docks were openly advertised by the Communists as inspired by political motives, including that of preventing the French Government from sending arms to Indo-China to help in repelling the communist aggression there launched. It amounted to an open attempt by French communists to use force in support of a virtual Russian aggression against France. M. Bidault, the Prime Minister, broadcast to the people of France on March 5th an appeal to stand firm against the organised attempt at subversion on the part of the communists, observing that the scenes in the Assembly "had certainly united all the parties against the communists." On that same day, when the Government was pressing the Bill for the suppression of communist sabotage, the communists renewed their hooligan tactics in Parliament. Central Africa as well as South-East Asia have been the scene of organised communist disturbances. There is no doubt that these evil things are the result of the foregoing evil manifested in the two world wars. Food supplies, for instance, were dislocated in many parts of the world, and in those parts where the margin is always small such dislocation soon leads to hunger, and hunger is the breeding ground of communism. Lord Boyd Orr, in a statement he made on March 5th last, gave it as his opinion that communism was likely to spread in Africa, the Middle East and Latin America, because "com-

munism has allies in hunger and poverty." He said that "to-day the people of Asia, who have long borne poverty with resignation, have come to believe that if they can take their countries into their own hands and establish a new order they can abolish hunger and poverty. The new order he implied was communism, for the communists are not slow to take their opportunities.

On the face of things it looks as if the cold war is being won by Russia with no setback except that of the British general election. Is it to be contemplated that man's revolt in our time against the God who made him, chiefly manifested in the two world wars of the century, is to end either in the physical destruction of man through an uncontrolled use of atomic explosion or in the calamity of the world in general passing under the control of God-hating materialists? The devil at this time without any doubt is making a supreme attempt upon the soul of mankind. We are forced to reflect upon the stages by which the emergency now upon us has been produced, and to ponder while there is still time the means of salvation through recaptured sanity. It is not an accident nor a fortune of war that the communist Government in Czechoslovakia is trying at this moment to usurp control of the administration of the Roman Catholic Church in that country, including the "appointment" and payment of priests. That attempt at any rate can never succeed. Through the centuries it has been illustrated time and again that aggression upon Christ's Church and persecution of its members results only sooner or later in the strengthening of the Church. Archbishop Beran's defiance of the communist aggression in this particular instance, despite the personal martyrdom therein foreshadowed for himself, the threat being exemplified in the cases of Cardinal Mindszenty and Archbishop Stepinac as well as in the already operative "house arrest" to which he himself is subjected; such defiance has nothing in it of extraordinary fortitude, but is taken as part of the day's work and duty by those whose allegiance is to the superhuman authority and who are nurtured in a tradition of alternating persecution and triumph.

Can it really be believed by any intelligent person that a world so clearly characterised and sustained by the miraculous mysteries of God's infinitude of power is doomed to fall under the sway of these bolsheviks, cunning, cruel and clever as they be? The question laughs itself out of court, though there be no merriment in the laugh. And yet as in all human experience permitted by God whose wisdom is as infinite as His resource and power, there is something of human wisdom to be culled from the experiences of this present time. That first world war of the century, the first act in our contemporary revolt against God, though the suffering it brought upon us was almost unbearable to decent minds, yet was not enough to convert us back to the God we had betrayed and defied. There was a second and an even more senseless, cruel and devastating world war. Even that repeated experience was apparently not enough to reawaken our drugged sense of right and wrong, and the devil jumped in to take his opportunity. With the hydrogen bomb poised crazily over our heads, with a spreading poison of communist atheism eating into the foundations of our civilised life, and the morals of our youth being contaminated in the process, when and where, one asks, must it all end?

The time does indeed seem to have come when men and women can no longer mistake the meaning of the challenge. Mankind at large has no alternative left but to revert to his appointed rôle as the helpless

but trusting child dependent upon the love and grace of his heavenly Father. If such a conception seem so large as to be unwieldy, let it be remembered that in God's provisions things do not happen *en masse*. They happen individually. As the harvest is the sum of all the individual seeds, so human welfare is the sum of individual contributions to it. That fact—a central fact in the mystery of life—gives all the comfort we need in these troubled times. We can, after all, do something about it. It is up to each individual. If every individual plays his part, makes his individual contribution in simple personal goodness to the sum of man's general welfare, the mystery of the outgrowing fulfilment and blessing is consummated by God, as it is in every manifestation of the mystery, from the corn of the field to the crown of man's peace on earth.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

March 11th, 1950.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

GEORGE III, LORD NORTH AND THE PEOPLE.*

If a prominent historian makes the short span of two years the subject of a volume of 400 pages, it must be a time of very important developments. On the surface nothing changed. Lord North was at the head of the Government at the end of this period, as he was at its beginning, although he was considered utterly inadequate for this high and in time of war most difficult position not only by the parliamentary opposition and a great part of the people but also by his colleagues and subordinates and—last, but by no means least—by himself. One could fill pages with quotations of the most devastating judgments, particularly by the persons who daily had to deal with him. Lord Gower, the President of the Council, left the Cabinet and told the Lords on December 1st, 1779, that he had seen at the council table “such things pass . . . that no man of honour or conscience could any longer sit there,” and Lord North writes about the same time to the King: “I have been miserable for ten years in obedience to your Majesty's commands . . . I must look upon it as a degree of guilt to continue in office, while the Publick suffers.” But the King, entirely averse to concessions to America, was resolved to keep the unfortunate Lord in his place, because he could rely on his unusual parliamentary skill; for even the most corrupt House of Commons got out of hand without appropriate leadership by the spokesmen of the Government. Why did North submit to the King's will in spite of his insight into his own inadequacy? [Professor Butterfield relates it to the King's paying Lord North's debts in 1777. If this interpretation is correct, it shows one of the most fateful sides of personal government. The parliamentary opposition was unable to overthrow North, much as he himself would have liked it, because the King had his followers in the House, whom he managed with the help of Jenkinson, the Secretary of War, and Robinson, the Secretary of the Treasury, who “sat like a spider at the heart of all the intrigues.” (It is the same Robinson whose aid George III called in to overthrow the Fox-North ministry and to manage Pitt's victory in the election of 1784.) The influence of the King in Parliament itself, which made the overthrow of the Government by parliamentary methods impossible, compelled the opposition to rely on extra-parliamentary help. This came in the winter 1779-80 through the Yorkshire Association movement; Professor Butterfield describes this movement with a wealth of material from printed and unprinted sources in all its aspects. Its original leader Wyvill tried to keep it distinct from the parliamentary opposition, which he did not consider radical enough.

* *George III, Lord North and the People, 1779-80.* By H. Butterfield. G. Bell and Sons.
30s.

But Charles Fox, taking the chair in the great Westminster meeting of February 2nd, 1780, became "the man of the people." He is "more than anybody else responsible for the fact that a party calling itself Whig did not in the spirit of a blind oligarchy oppose the rising political consciousness . . . but made a bridge for the future, and enabled a political transition to take place without cataclysm" (p. 228). The following events, Burke's "Economic reform," Dunning's famous resolution and the temporary triumph of the King with the help of the Gordon riots are narrated thoroughly and impartially. The author emphasises the energy and the courage of the King as well as the tactical and political blunders of the opposition. But all the private virtues of the King and all the personal foibles of Fox do not alter the fact that George III was a dangerous handicap and Fox the strongest and most far-seeing champion of the development which in the end gave Britain its unique and admired position among the States of Europe.

ERICH EYCK.

AMBASSADOR TO THE THIRD REICH.*

No envoy of a major Power spent a longer spell in pre-war Germany than M. François-Poncet, for seven years French Ambassador in Berlin. Few diplomats were less taken in by the pompous façade of the Third Reich, by the endless subterfuges and threats, the sinister intrigues and the cruel dishonesty of the Nazis than this shrewd observer and vivacious wit. Differing from his American colleague Dodd, he did not display his feelings but preferred to vent them in an ironic manner with a subtlety which was not always fully understood. The Nazis, who thought they had won him over, were shocked when in 1940 some of the numerous volumes of dispatches to the Quai d'Orsay fell into their hands. They did not forgive him for having deceived them by not allowing them to deceive him. They made his life uncomfortable, arrested him in 1943 and kept him captive in Tyrol to the end of the war.

The historian who peruses this well-written, sober survey of the fateful 'thirties will not find any startling revelations, but readers will profit from the judicious insight of the author and from the light he throws on the malevolent top figures of Nazi Germany. It was in the first place the very favourable impression that Chancellor Brüning had created during a visit to Paris in July 1931 which caused François-Poncet to go to Berlin. Seven years later his illusion that Mussolini dominated his partner and was then the only man still capable of influencing Hitler led him to apply for a transfer to Rome. Alas, the Duce was soon to destroy these illusions, and during his brief time in Italy the Ambassador had to spend hours even more painful than those he had experienced in Germany.

If he had any illusions about Mussolini he had none about Hitler and his lieutenants. "I knew him to be changeable, dissimulating, contradictory and uncertain," he says in the account of his farewell interview with Hitler in the Eagle's Nest near Berchtesgaden. And he describes the three facets of the morbid personality of this "quasi-madman, a character out of the pages of Dostoievski, a man 'possessed.'" There was first the man lost, perhaps for hours, in some strange contemplation, undecided, absent-minded, indifferent. There was then the choleric hyena, who suddenly burst forth into an endless harangue, in shrill and raucous tones, a vulgar virtuoso of oratory, excelling in caustic irony and invective. And finally after the storm there appeared an exhausted rustic, dull, easily amused, "a commonplace face without any distinguishing mark." Ribbentrop, "never more than a Keitel in the diplomatic field," aped him faithfully. With him, too, it was difficult to conduct a genuine conversation, as he also was only prepared to listen to himself and to indulge in lengthy monologues. His predecessor, von Neurath, on the other hand, a career diplomat of the old school, is

* *The Fateful Years*. Memoirs of a French Ambassador in Berlin, 1931-38. By André François-Poncet. Translated by Jacques Le Clercq. Gollancz. 18s.

depicted as mostly good-humoured, moderate and sensible, though lacking in moral courage and not averse to clumsy lying.

This book offers many interesting sidelights on the changing historical scene. From the diplomatic gallery of the Reichstag we watch the robust tricks with which Göring, its president, tried in September 1932 to prevent Chancellor Papen from dissolving Parliament. We learn of the regular dinners at Horcher's, in the earlier years of his mission, with the envoys of the Little Entente and of Poland. The wider the scope of Hitler's actions the less frequent—and frequented—did these dinners become. Their shrinking well illustrates the failure of the French policy of Eastern pacts and the progressive disintegration produced by the Hitlerian diplomacy. François-Poncet soon recognised that this diplomacy aimed at war. In vain did he impress upon his superiors that force should be met by force whilst it was still possible to do so. He gave his advice, but was never asked for it. In looking back on the gradual enfolding of the policy of appeasement, a policy, he thinks, "practised by France and Britain, but inspired mainly by Britain," the author comments on its climax, the Munich conference, with a commendable degree of objectivity. Dominated by what he calls "the peace psychosis" of the Western nations, to him Munich is a work of human hands, both fraught with advantages and disadvantages. The passage of time should therefore permit us "to be neither pro-Munich nor anti-Munich, but in this instance to rise to the serenity of history."

The end of this narrative does not mark the end of M. François-Poncet's relationship with Germany, a country which, he confesses, has always both attracted and repelled him. As High Commissioner he is to-day the leading representative of his country in the *Bundesrepublik* of Western Germany. It is to be hoped that one day the present volume will be followed by another one from his lively pen telling us something of the fresh problems and experiences he is now encountering.

E. K. BRAMSTED.

THE ALBIGENSES.*

Long and intimate study has gone to the making of this second volume of Hannah Closs's "Albigensian Trilogy," of which the first, *High are the Mountains*, appeared in 1946. The Pyrenean landscapes in which her scene is set have the vividness that can come only from personal exploration, while imaginative insight enables her to render convincingly the contrasting atmospheres of the doomed struggle of the medieval civilisation of the Languedoc, with its mysterious elements and eastern and classical heritage, against the feudal exponents of the France of the Languedoc, northern, semi-barbarian still, but strong in religious orthodoxy and the support of Rome. A distinctive feature of that defeated civilisation came from the prevalence of the Cathar heresy, which Mrs. Closs describes in a useful historical note as appearing "to be impregnated with Gnostic ideas and concepts that remind one rather of Buddhism and the philosophy of the Far East."

Founded on the Manichean conception of scattered sparks of the Divine awaiting liberation from an intrinsically evil world, it taught an insistence on purely spiritual values, carrying with it an attitude of non-violence foreshadowing, as Mrs. Closs points out, that of the Quakers. Perhaps, indeed, through the Socinians, a tenuous affiliation could be traced. Incidentally, the Bogomils, Slav counterpart of the Cathars, have remained a powerful social force, believed by some, as a result of other aspects of their teaching, to explain the ready hold of Communism on the Russian people.

The historical background of the novel is thus one of unusual interest, while the story, that of the spiritual struggle of the young man Wolf, raises issues not of his time only but of the sensitive idealist in every age. But because we have here an attempt at something deeper than the ordinary historical novel, it must be judged with stricter criteria, and it must be

* *And Sombre the Valleys*. By Hannah Closs. Andrew Dakers. 10s. 6d.

admitted that the poetry and breadth of its conception is not fully translated into execution. How to render the dialogue of medieval personages is a perennial problem, but to make them use terms obviously related to notions inexistent in their period, to call people "sadistic," or "romantic" or "theatrical," or "pacifists," or "idealists," for instance, is to weaken their credibility. Mrs. Closs was perhaps guided by a surer instinct when, abandoning any pretence at verisimilitude, she presented her first novel, *Tristan* as a "prose poem"; for her approach to her subjects and her particular gift seem to call for another vehicle than prose.

BARBARA BARCLAY CARTER.

ADONAIS.*

Miss Hewlett has done good service to lovers of Keats by reviving and enlarging the first edition of this work, which was awarded the Rose Mary Crawshay Prize in 1938 and won high praise from critics. She writes with enthusiasm and in a pleasant style. She shows intimate knowledge of her subject, and arranges her materials skilfully, drawing upon Keats' own wonderful letters, and quoting at length contemporary reviews of the poems: one is glad to know that several of these discerned and praised their quality and promise. Keats is vividly presented, both as poet and as man—warm-hearted, vivacious, sympathetic, generous—among a group of friends. We read of his meetings with Lamb, Coleridge and Wordsworth (he makes "a tantalising reference to Wordsworth's . . . enchanting sister"); of his correspondence with Shelley, and his loyalty to Leigh Hunt, in spite of the adverse criticisms in which it involved him: this loyalty was repaid by the Hunts' generous hospitality in his mortal sickness. Till that overtook him he was no such weakling as has been supposed; this is proved by his extensive walking tour in the North, of which an excellent map is provided. His relations with Fanny Brawne have never been more revealingly described; her faithful affection persisted through his intermittent sick moods of jealousy and bitterness.

Turning to Keats as poet, we are given glimpses of the creative imagination working at white heat: at such times friends remarked on the withdrawn look, as of Delphic inspiration, in his eyes, and noted his consciousness of a high calling. Keats' own estimate of his work, and his record of the circumstances inspiring some poems, e.g. the Odes to *Autumn* and the *Nightingale*, and the "Bright Star" sonnet, are, of course, especially to be prized; so, too, are his earlier descriptions in verse of the enchanted castle, and the sacrificial group, which found perfect expression finally in the great Odes. Tributes to these from recent poets, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne and others, are quoted; all agree that, as Tennyson said, they "express the innermost soul of poetry."

The influence on Keats of Spenser and Milton has been sufficiently recognised, but Miss Hewlett draws attention to that of the other Elizabethans, of Dryden and Dante. She works out an interesting study of Keats' subdued use of colour in the *Eve of St. Agnes*, the predominance of black, gold and silver. *La Belle Dame* was inexplicably omitted from the 1820 volume, in which *Isabella* was the general favourite. Keats' lifelong enthusiasm for Shakespeare is dwelt on, and his close observation of Nature. Yet he could remark: "Scenery is fine, but human nature is finer."

A series of portraits of Keats and of his friends and brothers is enriched by a hitherto unpublished sketch of the poet, from memory, by Haydon, new extracts from whose Journals are given in an Appendix. In another one of the "Amena" letters is printed in full for the first time; this was a foolish hoax played on Keats' brother Tom, perhaps hardly worth preserving. The results of new investigations into the family finances, dubiously administered by their guardian, are also given; they are important as suggesting that Keats

* *A Life of John Keats*. By Dorothy Hewlett. Hurst & Blackett. 1949. 25s.

eed perhaps not have suffered as he did from poverty and dependence, or the devoted Severn from an intolerable extra burden in the last tragic days in Rome. Incidentally, Mrs. Bigland's life of Severn, *Alms for Oblivion*, describing those days, should be added to Miss Hewlett's comprehensive bibliography.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

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Freda Uteley's *Lost Illusion* (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.) is a valuable addition to the comparatively small number of books essential to an understanding of Soviet Communism. It derives importance from the length of her residence in Russia and from the completeness of her conversion, under the urge of bitter personal experience, from the crude Communist ideology of her ardent youth. It is a poignant story not only of her own sufferings, culminating in the arrest and disappearance of her dearly loved Russian husband, but of the terrible plight of a great and friendly people under the heel of one of the most ruthless tyrannies of the modern world. Severe as were the material sufferings of Moscow—hunger, cold and shocking overcrowding—the spiritual bondage was even worse. To a woman reared in the traditions of Western civilisation—however little she appreciated them during her Communist phase—the Soviet terror gradually became intolerable. "Even in the best years preceding the Nazi attack the standard of life of the mass of the Russian people was lower than under the Tsars." "Like Moloch the Soviet State periodically demands the sacrifice of innocent human beings." "Stalin's Socialist Government, having started by enslaving the Russian peasants and workers, must continue to enslave other peoples in order to survive." Such are some of the missiles hurled by this sensitive, disillusioned and indignant woman against the odious régime and the bosses who exploit their power. It was far better under Lenin, she believes, for Lenin at any rate had ideals. The Webbs are flagellated for throwing the mantle of their immense authority over a diabolical system which they only knew from the outside. But why does the author call them Liberal sociologists? Liberals they never were, for they were always more interested in large-scale planning than in the individual citizen. No Liberal has ever been or ever could be a "fellow-traveller" as so many Socialists in various countries have been and still are.

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Vernon Bartlett's *East of the Iron Curtain* (Latimer House, 8s. 6d.) is a balanced, instructive and extremely readable little book which describes his three months' journey last summer through Eastern Europe. After a vivid snapshot of Trieste, where Italian and Yugoslav claimants are kept from flying at each other's throats by small British and American forces, he describes at greater length the curious case of Yugoslavia, Communist in ideology but stoutly rejecting dictation from the Kremlin. He found a land of poverty and high prices, but also of courage and energy. Tito attracted him more and more, and the economic support which the Cominform boycott has compelled him to seek should greatly increase his chance of survival. The cause of the bitter quarrel seems to have been that Moscow desired Yugoslavia merely to supply food and raw materials, while Tito planned to develop Yugoslav industry. Bulgaria is described as the only country behind the Iron Curtain possessing a strong pro-Russian tradition and the memory of decisive Russian help in the struggle for liberation from the Turkish yoke. Hungary appears to be the best fed of the satellites, and her economic recovery is remarkable. Cardinal Mindszenty, he was told by some strong opponents of Communism, had played too active a part in politics and had gone outside his legitimate task of defending the Catholic schools. In Vienna he found the leaders absolutely confident that they could solve any crisis which might follow the urgently desired withdrawal of the occupation troops.

Prague, lovely and undamaged, was spiritually enslaved, her fate all the more grievous since she had had so much to lose. Warsaw, still largely in ruins is hailed as "perhaps the most exhilarating city in the world, owing to the determination of a high-spirited people to rebuild its fortunes." The work of Minc, the economic dictator, receives well-merited praise. Though smaller in territory and population, the new Poland is richer in material resources and far more racially homogeneous than before the war. The churches are full, and the Communist attack on the religion of 90 per cent. of the population has been less ferocious than elsewhere. The only happy land is Mr. Bartlett's itinerary was Finland, "a government without Communists and a people without fear." But how long will such precarious independence be allowed to last? That Moscow desires a third world war nobody believes, but big wars have started, as in 1854 and 1914, without anyone wanting them. The moral of this wise and helpful book is that the only way to arrest the spread of Communism is for the free nations to grapple boldly with the economic evils from which that detestable system mainly springs.

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Margaret Cole's *Growing Up Into Revolution* (Longmans, 15s.) paints a lively picture by an active and prominent member of the Labour Party of the distracted decades in which it was climbing to power. Though a good deal of her story, as in the case of most autobiographies, is only of interest to her family and friends, there is also much to attract readers who do not share her ideology but are glad to make closer contact with some of the celebrities whom she has known. She is particularly successful in her portraits, and is at her best with those she knows best, above all Beatrice Webb, whose biography she wrote. Equally attractive is the portrait of Gilbert and Lady Mary Murray, whose infinite kindness helped to make the years of residence at Oxford a little more tolerable to a woman who thirsted for the wider contacts and opportunities of the capital. Readers who knew Ford Madox Ford will be amused by her snapshots of that irresponsible Bohemian. George Lansbury receives the tribute of affection he deserves. The only ill-natured sketch is of Ramsay MacDonald in his declining years, the *bête noire* of orthodox Socialists since what they describe as the great betrayal of 1931. Though no full-length portrait of her distinguished and indefatigable husband is attempted, we see enough of him to visualise a fruitful partnership in political organisation, social research and in the curious pastime of the composition of detective novels.

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Strindberg, by Brita Mortensen and Brian W. Downs (Cambridge University Press, 1949, 12s. 6d.) is an authoritative introduction to the study of Sweden's greatest writer. It is not a pleasant story, and his writings do not present a flattering picture of his countrymen. The biographical chapters describe a mentally unbalanced, oversexed man of genius who found happiness neither in his parents' home nor in his three brief experiences of matrimony, nor in his friends, of whom, we are not surprised to learn, he had very few. His two most celebrated plays, *The Father* and *Miss Julie*, are among the most disagreeable specimens of modern realism, and it is interesting to learn that the horrible theme of the first was suggested by his own experiences and apprehensions. *The Red Room*, the first and best known of his novels, is described as a debunking of the cherished ideals of academic life based on his memories of Upsala. Of the historical plays the authors speak without enthusiasm, though the *Master Olof* and *Gustavus Vasa* are admitted to have considerable merit. "Like Ibsen," they declare, "Strindberg was intent on stripping the mask from hypocrisy." But what right had the self-centred, unloved and unloving personality revealed in these pages to look down on his fellow citizens, however faulty they may have been?